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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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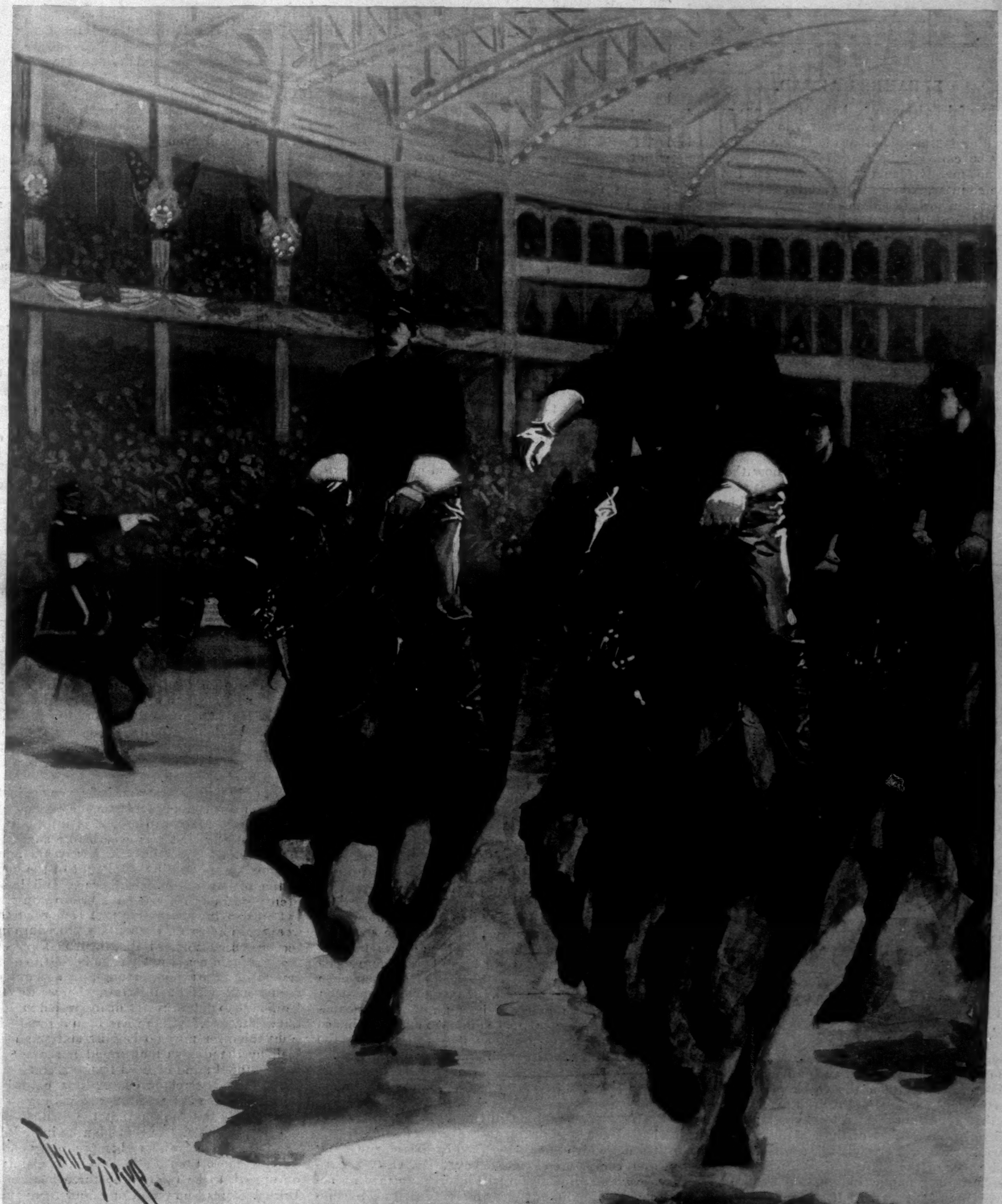

COSSACK DRILL BY TROOP "F," THIRD UNITED STATES CAVALRY—MILITARY TOURNAMENT, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 94.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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BREAKERS AHEAD.

It may fairly be assumed that there are among the Republican leaders men who still remember with genuine pride that once their party could justly be called "the party of moral ideas," and who, not merely for its own sake, but for the sake of the country, would gladly see it conform to the highest standards in its aims as well as in its methods. Such men cannot fail to observe with serious alarm what is at present going on in the three greatest States of the Union—New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. These States elect Senators this winter to take part in the government of the country. The quality of the men they elect for that purpose, and the influences controlling their election, are therefore of great interest not only to the citizens of those States respectively, but to the whole American people, and they will be apt to attract general attention. This attention will increase as those men appear on the most conspicuous stage of public life in this country, and become active factors in the general government of the republic. What they are and what they do will be charged to the Republican party.

In our last issue we pointed out how the State of New York is ruled by Boss **Platt** with absolute power, and how Pennsylvania is governed by Boss **Quay** with a power almost absolute; how these bosses appoint Governors, State officers, and members of the Legislature, and how they determine at pleasure what laws shall be or shall not be made. That these two men belong to the most unscrupulous kind of selfish politicians; that a full revelation of their records in the open light of day would "strike dumb" the party to which they belong; that questions of public interest exist for them only so far as they relate to their own interests; that they rule their party in their respective States, and through it the States themselves, only by means essentially corrupt; and that neither of them would dare to expose himself personally to a popular vote under circumstances permitting a judgment to be passed upon their merits—these are facts too well known to require further elaboration. Thus in these two States the Republican organization lies in a condition of abject servitude at the feet of two politicians of bad repute who are doing their utmost to demoralize their party and to destroy its usefulness as an instrumentality of good government. These two politicians are appointing as United States Senators either themselves or their serviceable tools, to represent ostensibly their respective States, but really the bosses, in governing the American people at large. The case of Illinois is somewhat different. The Republican party of that State is not yet ruled by an individual boss. But a gang of disreputable party-machine men of the most vulgar description have formed a sort of syndicate to subjugate the Republican organization to their greed, and to divide the principal offices among themselves. For the place of United States Senator they had selected the most notorious boodle alderman of Chicago, the mention of whose very name in connection with such an office kindled a blush of shame upon the cheek of every self-respecting citizen of Illinois. The machine built up by that syndicate seemed to have gained a power as irresistible as that of the Republican bosses in New York and Pennsylvania; but to the honor and credit of the State, and especially of its independent press, public indignation was so greatly stirred and expressed itself so vigorously, that the designs of the gang were thwarted, and **Madden** reluctantly withdrew. But the machine remains, and is only temporarily discouraged.

The success these bosses and syndicates have achieved by their corrupt methods in enslaving the local Republican organizations will be used by them to prevail upon the incoming national administration to surrender to them what is called "the Federal patronage" in their States. Their very iniquities are to be accepted by the new President as their indisputable title to the exclusive enjoyment of his favor. He will be called upon formally to recognize them as the rightful lords of their domains, and within those domains the whole power of the general government is to be at their disposal to increase their prestige and to enable them to enslave the Republican party still more absolutely. In other words, they will demand that the national government under the Presidency of Mr. **McKinley** shall become their official supporter, their accomplice, their "pal," and thus augment the responsibility which the Republican party already bears for their existence and their misdoings.

We invite the attention of thoughtful Republican leaders thus early to this contingency which is sure to come, because the new President and his confidential advisers should be prepared for it in time. They should be made to understand that the relations they are about to establish with the corrupt and corrupting elements of the Republican party will be watched by hundreds of thousands of good citizens with the closest and most anxious interest. There are multitudes of voters who in the last Presidential election supported Mr. **McKinley** with the sole intention and hope that thereby they would save the country from a great danger and promote the cause of good government. They now see in several States the fruits of their unselfish and patriotic efforts monopolized by the worst and most daring class of political freebooters. They see politicians of the most dangerous class claiming the victory as theirs. They see them defying public opinion with a cynical insolence that has hardly any precedent. They see in New York Boss **Platt**, through his Governor, insulting public decency by appointing notorious corruptionists to the most important State offices. They see him, through the same agency, deriding the reform mandate of the State Constitution, and preparing to turn over the civil service again to the scandalous practices of the spoils system. They see him manage the business of the Legislature as if the legislators were simply his bootbacks. They see the horde of political spoils-hunters at his back laugh to scorn the attempt of good citizens to propose a candidate for the Senate worthy of the State and of the republic. They see in Pennsylvania Boss **Quay** nominate and elect to the United States Senate a man whom, some time ago, an indignant outcry of the good citizenship of Philadelphia forced to abandon a candidacy for the Mayoralty. They see in Illinois a band of rapacious political marauders casting lots in dividing among themselves high public dignities. They behold all these scandals as the outcome of a great patriotic uprising. They feel themselves outraged by this impudent challenge, and their disgust grows deeper and more resentful from day to day.

Mr. **McKinley** is reported to be very solicitous so to shape his course as not to provoke a reaction at the next congressional elections. It is also said that it is his principal anxiety, as well as that of his nearest friends, to keep the Republican party in a harmonious state. Of this anxiety some of those who aspire to cabinet positions show almost morbid symptoms. They cannot remember too soon that to seek party harmony by purchasing the favor of the corrupt elements is the surest way to disastrous defeat. The condition of things which at present exists in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and which is beginning to develop itself also in other States, cannot last. It will inevitably, in the present temper of the public mind, provoke violent recoils. There is a spirit of political independence abroad in the land which has already given some startling evidences of its strength, and which grows stronger every hour. There could hardly be a more exasperating challenge to this spirit of independence than an alliance between the incoming Republican administration and the bosses and corrupt machines; and for whatever disasters such a defiance might bring on, the Republicans would bear the responsibility. Let them take warning in time.

A TREATY FOR PEACE.

Unless the Senate intervene in the interest of barbarism by refusing to ratify the treaty of arbitration which has been signed by Secretary **Olney** and Sir **Julian Pauncefote**, Mr. **Cleveland's** second administration will be distinguished for accomplishing an advance in civilization such as no one of his predecessors ever dreamed of bringing about. And even if the Senate stand in the way of the fulfilment of this long-deferred hope, the honor will still be due and will be paid to Mr. **Cleveland**, to the late Secretary **Gresham**, who instituted the negotiations, to Secretary **Olney**, and to the English statesman without whose co-operation the treaty could not have been made. The President and Lord **Salisbury** have wrought their part of the work, and having done so, although the final word has not been spoken, an assurance of an end to wars between the United States and England has been given. It is a tribute to the civilization of our time that, in the midst of increasing armaments, and while inventive genius is busy with the arts of destruction and defense, two of the most powerful nations of the world declare for peace. The treaty may be an admission of the same idea that is in the mind of armed Europe in gathering its forces on land and sea, but if it be so, it is a frank admission after the American and English manner, and not the masked and paradoxical admission involved in efforts to organize invincible armies, to invent irresistible ordnance, and to construct indestructible defences.

In the light of this treaty the world seems growing better. The President and the Queen have agreed that "all questions in difference" between the two countries shall be submitted to arbitration. There are to be three kinds of tribunal, and that which is to be charged with the duty of trying territorial claims is to have no umpire—the arbitrators being evenly divided between the two countries. But even if there is a failure of a verdict by the arbitrators, the dispute therefore remaining unsettled, there is to be, in the language of the treaty, "no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited by one or both of the high contracting parties." Here is a declaration of peace. It might have been better, it is true. It might have provided, for instance, that a majority of the arbitrators in a territorial dispute should control, as in the tribunals provided for the determination of disputes involving money. "And yet," as the President said in his message to the Senate, "it is apparent that the treaty which has been formulated not only makes war between the parties to it a remote possibility, but precludes those fears and rumors of war which of themselves so often assume the proportions of a national disaster." It is not more than a year ago that there were fears and rumors of war between this country and the nation with which we are now engaged in providing against the probabilities of war. If this treaty had been in operation in 1895, the country would not have excited itself over the anticipations of hostile English ironclads; it would have found itself rejoicing in the knowledge that nothing could happen but an international lawsuit. A great end has been gained when the public mind is led to no longer expect war, or when the public feeling is turned against war. The teachings of civilization are against the destruction of human life in settlement of disputes. Aside from the punishment inflicted by the law, the penalty of bloodshed is not now paid except among those who are barbarians, whether they dwell within or without the jurisdiction of the law of civilized communities. The appeal to arms in international affairs is quite as savage as the resort to blows in the streets. Both may still be necessary, but everything that leads men to look on bloodshed as the remotest possible outcome of a dispute is a contribution to civilization.

Not only is this treaty an influence against war, but, even if it is not all that the most earnest friend of universal peace can ask, it is infinitely better than anything that was ever before suggested by statesmen. It was only a few years ago that diplomats were smilingly tolerant of the members of the society of universal peace, and less than twenty years ago the legal literature on the subject was so inconsiderable that leaders at the bar were still discussing elementary procedure in arbitration. In 1848 Lord **Palmerston** thought that Great Britain could not pledge herself to abide the results of arbitration, because, on account of her varied and distant interests, she would find it "difficult to obtain really disinterested and impartial arbitrators." There has been a great advance since then, for now no English statesman is troubled by the doubts that found harborage in the easy-natured mind of Lord **Palmerston**.

Moreover, Secretary **Olney** has gained much more than Lord **Salisbury** was willing to grant. It was only last March that the British Premier outlined his plan. In that plan he included, with questions of territorial rights, pecuniary claims involving more than £100,000. Such claims were, on appeal, to be referred to three justices of the United States Supreme Court and three judges of the Supreme Court of Great Britain, and the award was to be final only in the event of its having the support of five of the arbitrators, or in case the first decision of the standing tribunal suggested by Lord **Salisbury** was not protested within three months. In the treaty, all pecuniary claims, both those above as well as those below £100,000, are to be submitted to final arbitrament, and while a majority of five is made necessary for immediate final award on a territorial question, a bare majority will suffice if not protested against within three months. Moreover, there is nothing said in the treaty as to excepting from arbitration questions affecting "national honor," questions which Lord Salisbury asserted, less than a year ago, could not be submitted to arbitration.

The treaty is a diplomatic triumph for Mr. Olney; but it is more than that—much more; it is a noble monument to Mr. Cleveland's and Lord Salisbury's administrations, and, as we have already said, it is a splendid testimony to the civilization of the two countries, for public sentiment here and on the other side of the ocean is in favor of this treaty, and has had much to do with the making of it. There are millions of patriotic Englishmen as well as millions of Americans who will join the President in the expression of his earnest hope that the treaty "may commend itself to the favorable consideration of the Senate."

THE CHARTER FOR GREATER NEW YORK.

At this writing the draft of the charter for the Greater New York is not completely published, but that part of it which has come from the press makes a large volume, and, unless delay is granted, the whole is to be reported to the Legislature before the 1st of February. It may be said with safety that an intelligent opinion cannot be formed on this document by any one who sees it for the first time as now printed, before the time comes for its submission to the Legislature for final consideration with a view to its enactment into law. We are entirely in sympathy, therefore, with Mr. Abram S. Hewitt's contention that the subject should be postponed until the charter can be intelligently read and discussed. The making of a charter for the greater metropolis is the most serious piece of constructive political work that has been undertaken since the forming of the Federal Constitution. In many respects this is a more difficult task than that was, because of the infinitely greater number of details that must be provided for in the charter, and because of the necessity under which the commissioners naturally feel themselves to guard against the evils that, since the Constitution was framed, have come to be so portentous an outgrowth of democracy as applied to municipal government. Whether the commissioners have accomplished their object, and have framed a charter which, under existing political conditions, will give to the Greater New York a better municipal government than the present governments of the various parts comprising it, is not known by those who must live under that government, and cannot be known by them before the charter is presented to the Legislature. The presumption is against the charter which the commission has reported. This presumption arises not only from the fact that the commissioners themselves have had too short a time in which to prepare a charter properly of the magnitude and comprehensiveness which they have attempted, but from the further fact that some of the features of the charter—especially the provision for a bipartisan police board—are known to be bad. The charter proposed has been described as intended or calculated to perpetuate the partisan government of the city. This is certainly true of the provision for the police board, and of that which gives to each new Mayor six months in which, by the practice of that unrighteous diligence which is the chief characteristic of the spoilsman, he may remove all administrative officers. This seems to be an invention of the spoilsmen, and all the commissioners did not agree to it, as they did not all agree to a bipartisan police board. For the rest of his term the Mayor is to be relieved of part of his responsibility for the proper performance of their duty by administrative officers, by the provision which deprives him of his power of absolute removal, and limits him to the right to make charges to be tried before the Governor of the State.

The leading feature of the new charter is its provision for a large municipal legislature. We believe thoroughly in the soundness of the idea that a democratic municipality ought to make its own laws, and that its legislative body should be large and representative of all interests and classes of the community. In establishing such a legislative body, consisting of two Houses, we think that the commissioners were governed by the right fundamental theory; and although there seem to us to be grave defects in this part of the charter also, it may be that, even as it stands, the large legislative body provided for in the draft may not turn out to be as great an evil as some of the opponents of the charter seem to think. It is true that there is a fatal similarity between the immediate constituencies of the two Houses, and that the terms of the members of both ought not to expire at the same time. It is also true, we think, that the new legislative body provided for in this charter would not, at first at all events, be attractive to "men of the highest character and intelligence," as the commissioners hope it will be. And the reason for this was well pointed out by Mr. H. De Forest Baldwin, who appeared at the hearings before the commissioners in behalf of the Municipal Reform Committee of the Reform Club. Mr. Baldwin argued that men of the "highest character and intelligence" would no more think of seeking election to membership in the projected Board of Aldermen than they think now of seeking membership in the State Legislature. Probably they would not be so ready to become Aldermen as Assemblymen, because, under the proposed charter, the duty of granting permits for signs, awnings, etc., and the labor involved in the hundred and one petty details of sidewalk administration, are continued, leaving the new Alderman, like the old, to be an errand-boy for his constituents. In the face of these obvious objections to the proposed new board we are yet inclined to think that such a body, perhaps through its very vices, might lead to the establishment of a proper government for the municipality. Moreover, if we are to be legislated for by the servants of a boss, why not servants whom we may defeat in moments of virtuous revolt, instead of servants from distant rural communities; and why not servants, also, whose meetings will be public, and among whom, the elections being held in small districts, there are likely to be those who are not servants of the "boss," but who are opposed to the majority, and who will insist on talking for the edification of the tax-paying public?

We confess, however, that the provision for a large legislative body is in most respects a sore disappointment. It ought to be accompanied by complete legislative jurisdiction. As to all local affairs, the municipal legislature should have control, and be independent of the State. It should be the master. It ought, for example, to possess control of the liquor business in the metropolis, and of the methods for its recognition and taxation. There ought to be practically no interference with it from the State Legislature, and as little as possible in the State Constitution. In a word, the people of the city should be wholly responsible for the character of their government, and should not be able, as they are now, to charge the evil character of the laws by which they are governed, and of some of the officers who administer them, to the interference of rural legislators or their non-resident "boss." If the municipal legislature were granted the sole power to legislate concerning their property, the tax-payers might take that interest in municipal politics which would insure good municipal government. But this object is not within the contemplation of the proposed system, and the whole provision for the legislature falls so far short of what it ought to be, while the good that might come of it is possibly so speculative and remote, that apparently it would not balance the admitted evils contained in the charter.

At any rate it is clear from these brief speculations that an intelligent judgment of the commissioners' work is not possible in the time allotted to the consideration of the charter. The average man, or even the man who has made some study of municipal problems, cannot hope to go forward where Mr. Hewitt halts. If Mr. Hewitt has not had time to master this draft, we are sure no one else has, for he is an expert among experts. There should be more time for consideration. Moreover, the charter should be treated as the constitution of the municipality, and be submitted to the people who are to be governed by it.

SOME ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON BISMARCK'S REVELATIONS.

Writing in the Weekly of December 12 of Bismarck's revelations concerning the Russian and German treaty of neutrality that obtained between 1884 and 1890, Professor Munroe Smith suggested that the treaty might not have been kept secret from the Austrian government. He had already shown that there was no reason why Bismarck should not have made a treaty with Russia for the purpose of keeping the latter power from joining the French in an attempt to revenge 1871. Germany and Austria had indeed promised, in 1879, to make common cause together in case either might be attacked, but no promise had been made by either to abstain from securing neutrality from other powers. Bismarck's revelations, made through the *Hamburger Nachrichten* last October, aroused a good deal of indignation throughout Europe, real or assumed, and Bismarck himself was denounced as a deceiver of Germany's ally, Austria, in making a secret alliance with Russia that was incompatible with the already existing treaty between Germany and Austria. The article in the Weekly not only showed that this indignation was not warranted by anything that had happened in the relations of the three Kaisers, or by any agreement that had been made by all or by any two of them, but intimated that perhaps the Austrian government knew all along of the treaty whose purport was made known to the whole world through the *Nachrichten* amid so much hostile criticism of Bismarck's treachery.

And now we have another statement which comes from the same source as the famous "revelations," and is published in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. In this statement the writer contends that not only was the treaty between Germany and Russia a perfectly honorable one for the former power to enter into, but that Count Kalnoky and other Austro-Hungarian statesmen knew of its existence. He further argues that the treaty was advantageous to Austria-Hungary, "as it diminished *de facto* the military assistance which that country might have been called upon to afford to Germany." Finally a speech which Count Kalnoky made before the parliamentary delegations in 1894 is quoted. In that speech Count Kalnoky asserted that either Austria or Germany might enter into friendly relations with other powers, and said, "Prince Bismarck himself, who laid the foundation-stone of the alliance policy, always maintained that to live on friendly terms with Russia was the best way of preserving peace."

Here is certainly more than a suggestion that Austro-Hungarian statesmen knew of the treaty between Russia and Germany, and that they admitted Germany's right to enter into such an arrangement. And if the statement in the *Neue Freie Presse* be true, and if the deduction from Count Kalnoky's speech be sound, there is nothing left to criticise in the *Nachrichten* revelations, except the taste which Bismarck displayed in making them, and even here there is abundant reason why criticism should not be too headlong.

THE AMELIORATION OF CONGRESS.

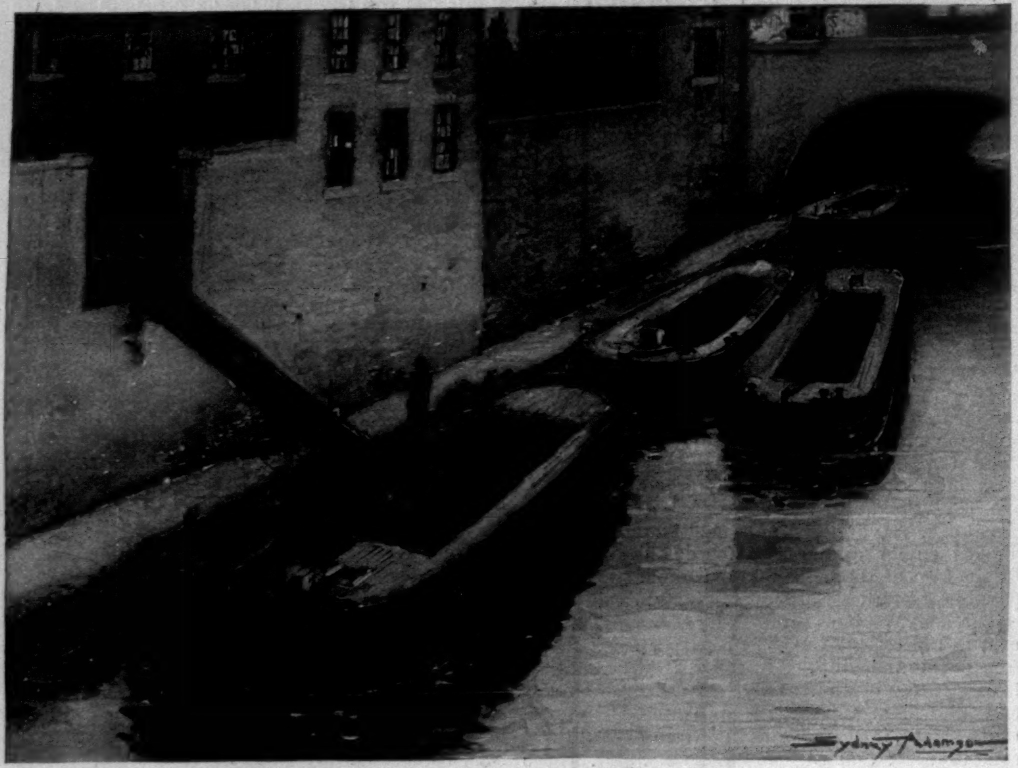
Mr. Hewitt, in a recent address, invited his audience to see what Congress had come to, of what men it is made up, and to what tactics they resort. The Senate, he said, was once a body of statesmen, but now it had come to represent the selfishness of office-getting and personal interest. Mr. Hewitt believes that Congress is degenerate. Senator Lodge, who has been writing about Congress in the New York *Herald*, does not think so. He avers that its oratorical standard at least is very high; and though it is habitual, he says, in the newspapers and in conversation, to sneer at the debates in Congress, as it is at everything connected with that body, and to speak of it as degenerate, yet he finds "a general willingness on the part of American citizens to accept a seat in either branch of Congress, and even a disposition to struggle for a place in this degenerate assembly."

It is true enough that there is no lack of men who are willing to go to Congress, though Mr. Hewitt is not to be counted among them, but that does not prove anything as to the qualifications of the men who do go there. Indeed, the distrust and disparagement of Congress have become so general that it is rather a relief to be assured by some one who ought to know that it has more ability than it gets credit for.

Mr. Lodge himself admits that there are grave obstacles to the proper transaction of Congressional business. He says the hall of the House of Representatives is three times too big. He would divide it up, and from the part used for debate he would clear out the desks, and gather the members closer, and seat them on benches, so that speakers could be heard and better order kept. He believes, too, that the Senate needs new rules, under which debate can be stopped after reasonable discussion and a vote had. He thinks that the *Congressional Record* would better be abolished, to the end partly of abating the nuisance of speeches made chiefly to be printed, and partly to encourage fuller reports of debates in the newspapers. He thinks that if the *Record* did not report the proceedings of Congress the newspapers would.

These ideas of Senator Lodge's may be good, but even if they were all carried out the root of the public uneasiness about Congress would remain untouched. What Congress is thought to need more than rules and architectural changes or fuller newspaper reports is wiser Congressmen; fewer Jingoes, fewer "friends of silver," fewer spendthrifts, fewer organizers of scares, fewer guardians of private interests and local jobs; more statesmen, more sound financiers, more men competent to transact the legislation necessary to a great country, and to reject legislation that is unnecessary and meddlesome.

But we cannot ask Congress to improve itself. That task lies with the voters. If the machinery of politics is such that able men who are willing to serve in Congress cannot get there, that is not the fault of Congress, but our fault. If Mr. Platt goes to the Senate from New York, and not Mr. Choate, that is our fault. One of the last things that is considered nowadays in the choice of members for either branch of Congress is the qualifications of the nominee to become a legislator. What is ordinarily considered are his relations to a political machine, his zeal in behalf of local interests, his ability to take care of his constituents, and, in the case of Senators, his ability and willingness to pay handsomely for his seat. If we are to have a better Congress, we must first deserve it, and then take much more pains than we do at present to see that we are represented according to our deserts.



LOADING BARGES WITH CHEMICALLY TREATED MANURE.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

VII.—BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM is a great, fine, dull, humdrum town, with about one-quarter of the population of New York. So it must strike the visitor who comes to it fresh from the greater Continental cities and from London. To the student of municipal administration it reveals a perfection of system, of executive completeness, and of economy which, if his standards have been formed in America, is simply amazing. It is well kept in all respects; yet the total appropriation for its Department of Public Works, including maintenance and all repairs of roadways, street-cleaning, the disposal of wastes, the care of the sewers, flushing and street-sprinkling, all stable expenses, including renewal of plant and stock, public lighting, and providing and maintaining of urinals, etc., etc., for the year 1896–7, is, after crediting certain items of income, only $503,000. This result is possible only because of the perfect business management of all city affairs. Such economy will never be possible here so long as "politics" has anything whatever to do with our municipal administration. Naturally the lower rate of wages in England accounts for much of the saving, but the rate there is only about fifty per cent. less than it is here, and, at most, the payment of our wages would not raise the total outlay as above to more than $800,000.

The work in the streets, including repairs of pavement and macadam, sweeping and removal of sweepings, and all sprinkling, employs about 400 men (who work 54 hours per week) and about 160 horses. The gang-leaders are paid from $6 to $7 per week, drivers get from $5 50 to $6, and sweepers $5 25. Selected men of this force do the road-repairing, being paid, in addition to their regular wages, a price by the piece for this work.

There are about 250 miles of street, of which about 40 miles are swept daily, 100 miles thrice a week, 100 miles twice a week, and 10 miles once a week.

There is one chief (Road-Surveyor) over the whole work, who is paid $2500 per year, and six district foremen, who get nearly $600 per year.

Most of the more important streets are paved with wood. This becomes very slippery, and it is regularly sanded with a crushed "grit," having some fragments of broken quartz or flint as large as pease and hazel-nuts. This is spread from a cart with a shovel, and the men who do this work are so expert that they can make an effective covering of the whole street (30 to 45 feet wide) with the use of only one load to the mile. In Fifth Avenue, last winter, the contractor was restricted to the use of four loads per block, which would be 80 loads to the mile. There is no record of the amount used, but there is a vivid recollection in the Department of Street-Cleaning that it was enormous. Probably the day is not distant when we shall have to sand at least our asphalt streets, and it is a comfort to know that the quantity of sand used need not constitute an embarrassment to the work of cleaning. It is to be hoped, too, that the example of Birmingham may be heeded by the managers of our street railways, which are now sanded with a wonderfully lavish hand.

Birmingham has a very large proportion of macadamized roadway, and it is of most excellent quality, well made, and *constantly* kept in repair. The work is done by the city's own force, and nothing is shirked. In minor streets the macadam is 21 feet wide. It is 4 inches higher at the centre than at the edges. The material is 20 inches deep. The bed is graded to a true form, and is rolled. The bottom layer, 8 inches thick, consists of *damp* ashes rolled. On this is placed an 8-inch layer of gravel or broken slag, also rolled. This is covered with "ragstone" or granite crushed to pass through a 2½-inch ring; this is rolled dry. This is covered with a "binding" of crushed grit, which is rolled in wet, but not too wet, and is worked into the stone as thoroughly as possible. This makes a capital road, which is easily cleaned by scraping, and by sweeping with the birch broom.

The most interesting part of the cleaning work of this city is that which has to do with the disposal of its wastes. Only about one-half of its population is supplied with water-closets. The other half still use out-of-door "conveniences." These are supplied with "pans," which are regularly removed. There are about 36,000 of these. They are cylindrical in shape, 18 inches in diameter, and 15 inches deep. Household slops are not emptied into them. The pans are removed once a week. The removal is at night, from 10 P.M. to 8 A.M. They are covered with closely fitting covers, and are carried in closed vans, which take 18 at a time, and which have a receptacle at the tail end, into which ash-tub refuse is emptied. The average weight of a van, when fully loaded, is about 8500 pounds.

There are three well-equipped yards, adjacent to canals, to which the pans are taken. One of these I visited. The van starts out from the yard with 18 clean pans, which are left in the privies from which the used ones are removed. On returning to the yard the pans are emptied into tanks, and are then turned over to the washers, who see that each van is supplied with clean pans to take out. The vans make from three to five journeys a night. This collection employs 61 horses and 122 men.

For the collection of dry refuse from shops and from houses which are furnished with water-closets (where no pans are used) 33 horses and 66 men are employed. This work is done in the daytime. The total weight of the dry refuse collected is about 35,000 tons per year. In the emptying of ash-pits on private premises, of which a considerable number still remain, 40 horses and 74 men are employed. The material thus collected amounts to about 50,000 tons in the year. Much of this is valueless as manure, less than 20,000 tons being used.

The making of fertilizers is an important part of the work. The dry refuse is screened in rotating screens, which separate the fine ash from the coarser parts, from which tin cans, broken crockery, etc., are picked out by hand. Rags are not saved. Part of the fine ash is mixed as an absorbent with the contents of the pans, and is sold as manure, being run from the mixing-machines directly into boats. The demand for this is decreasing, as concentrated fertilizers are gaining in favor with farmers.

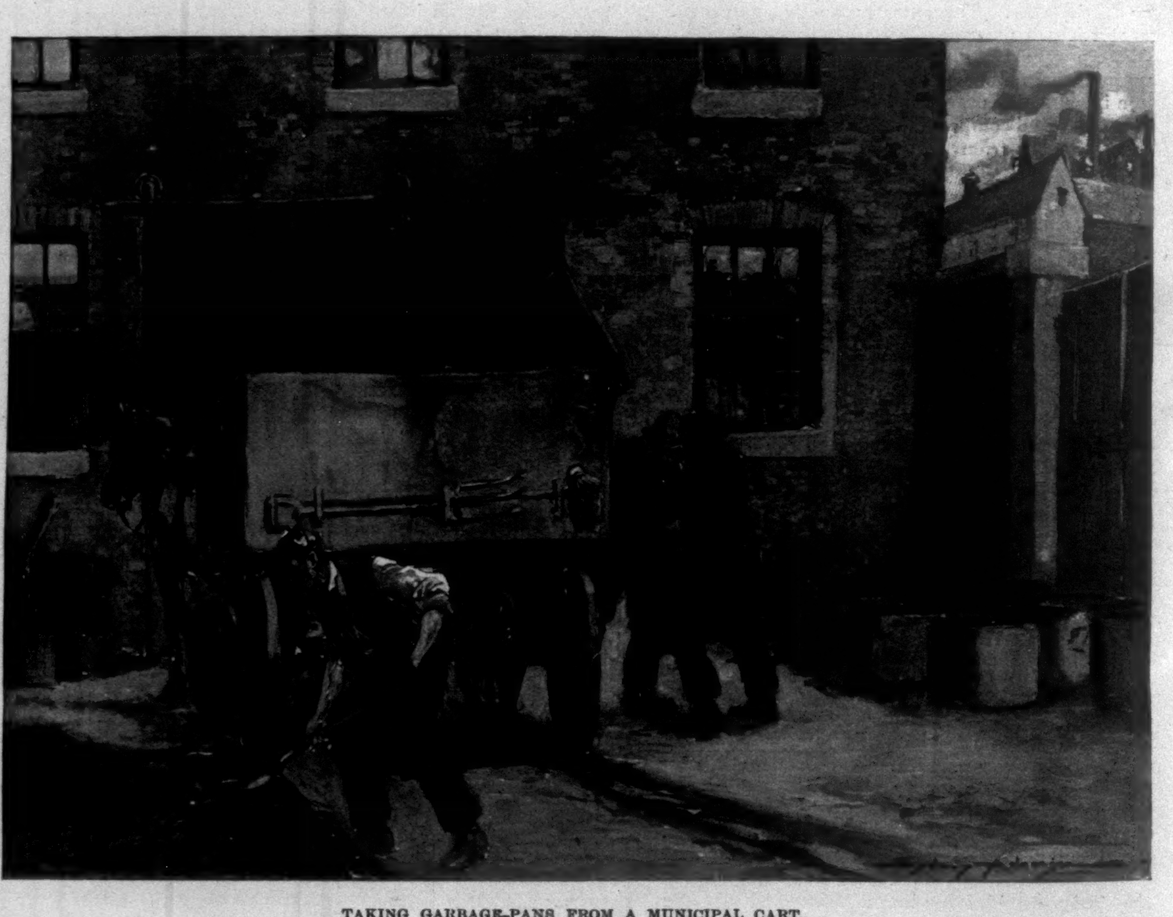
The combustible material, including garbage, is burned in destructors, or cremating-furnaces, of which the city has about 50 in operation. The heat of these furnaces generates steam, which is used to evaporate the moisture of the pan-contents, making a concentrated manure, and to furnish power to drive the mixing-machinery, etc. The refuse passed through the furnaces is reduced to about 30 per cent. of its original weight. The clinker produced is employed for various purposes. Much is used by builders for concrete and mortar. It is also extensively used in road-making. As it is entirely free from offensive matter, it can be used without objection for filling low lands, for building roads, etc. The quantity burned in each furnace is given as 36½ tons per week (132 hours).

So much of the pan-contents as is not mixed with ashes and so sold is manufactured into a highly concentrated manure by evaporation. The raw material is emptied into tanks, where it is treated with sulphuric acid to fix the ammonia against evaporation. From these it is run into other tanks over the drying-machines. These contain pipes, which carry the vapors from the driers. The exhaust steam from the engines is similarly utilized, raising the contents of the tanks to near the boiling-point.

The steam-jacketed drying-machines consist of cylinders 8 feet in diameter and 13 feet long. Each has a hollow shaft, through which steam passes. They are also provided with revolving arms for stirring the contents and preventing them from forming into lumps. Suitable scrapers prevent the collection of drying matters on the surfaces. The foul vapor of the machines is arrested in a Liebig condenser. The water of condensation passes to the sewer in a nearly inodorous condition, and the gases are passed through the fire. After evaporation, the dried material is ground in a mill.

The working charge of the machine is 16 tons, and the dry manure resulting weighs about 1½ tons. From 800 to 1000 tons are produced each year. It sells for about $30 per ton.

By the statistics of 1892, the total refuse collected was 185,200 tons (of 2240 lbs.). This was disposed of as follows:



TAKING GARBAGE-PANS FROM A MUNICIPAL CART.

ADA REHAN AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AS NOW PERFORMED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY AIMÉ DUPONT.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD."]

	Tons.
Sent to dumps away from the city by boats...	16,753
Sent to dumps by carts........................	7,515
Burned in furnaces............................	74,243
Manure sold, or wasted at dumps............	86,689
Total...........................	185,200

The city owns and operates 34 canal-boats. None of the work is done by contract. It is found that under business management the agents of the administration can secure the greatest economy.

The items of receipts referred to in the early part of this paper do not include the sale of fertilizers. No reference to this is made in the annual estimates of the department. It is probably, like our own receipts from "scow-trimming," paid into the General Fund.

The chief lesson to be learned from Birmingham—and its methods are duplicated in English towns generally—is the lesson of non-political, non-shirking, and non-poor-man-coddling business management of public affairs. It shows us that a department of public works should not be a department of charities, and that—aside from proper and generous public charity—the money of the tax-payer should be used with the same care and economy that are so imperatively necessary to the successful management of private works.

A word of explanation is proper as to the "poor-man" element of the problem, and it applies to the question of public wages as well. The sympathies of all must be moved by the needs of the pauper class. The class that is obliged to work at hard labor is the happiest class in the community when it has employment, and sympathy for it should be limited to its fears for a rainy day, and to its unsatisfied laudable ambition to get ahead in the world. All must desire security and relief for the one and advancement for the other. The best way to secure these is through the general prosperity of the community. This cannot be advanced by favoring a special few who are lucky enough to get a place on the city pay-roll, at the cost of the multitude who have to pay the shot. Fair wages for honest work is all that a wise and beneficent government can properly give to any man from the public purse—unless he is a pauper who must be kept from suffering. Too good a chance for the poor man only crowds the ranks with those who flock in from abroad, and makes life all the harder for those with whom they come into competition.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

ONE of the current theatrical attractions in London is Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan*, which has been revived by Mr. Terriss. Those who are forever lamenting the "palmy days," and eternally croaking about the degeneracy of the stage, should read this play, and compare it with modern productions of the same order. Critics have been wont to decry, perhaps justly, the claptrap melodrama of the Pettit-Harris type, but there are few of the recent penny-dreadfuls that are not superior in writing and construction to *Black-eyed Susan*. The language and characterization of the old play seem childish to the present generation. It is only kept alive by a certain human interest, and a saving humor reflecting the personality of the amiable author. Even in human interest it cannot compare with such a melodrama as *The Lights of London*. Yet when Jerrold's nautical play was first produced in London, in 1829, it ran for more than a year. Such long runs were unknown before those days. At present a five years' career for one piece at a theatre would be far less remarkable. T. P. Cooke was the original William, and the play's success was so great that it was actually given at two London theatres at the same time. After delighting his audience at the Surrey, Cooke, clad in his sailor's costume, would jump into a hackney and be driven to Covent Garden, where he would enchant a second assemblage by his hornpipes and melodramatic flourishes. In spite of the long run of *Black-eyed Susan*, Jerrold made very little out of it, receiving for his entire share a sum nearly equal to that paid weekly to Cooke for his services as an actor. When Jerrold wrote the play he was salaried author at Sadler's Wells, where he ground out three or four dramas a month. A dispute with the management caused him to take the manuscript of *Black-eyed Susan* to the Surrey Theatre, then directed by the magnificent Robert William Elliston. "A pleasant creature," Lamb called Elliston; but he seems to have been rather unpleasant to Jerrold, for, after making a fortune out of the play and starving the author, he blandly asked, "Jerrold, why don't you get your friends to present you with a piece of plate?" The critical Ichabods sigh, "Ah, there were actors in those days!" So there were; there were also authors, and a precious hard time most of them had of it.

Miss Maud Adams, having made an agreeable impression as leading actress with Mr. Drew, is to twinkle as a stellar comédienne. Mr. Henry Miller, having done earnest and conscientious work as leading man with the Empire Company, is now "starring." From a commercial stand-point, any actor has the right to "star" if he can afford to pay for the luxuries of large type, the centre of the stage, and a monopoly of the calcium-light; but, considered otherwise, a new "star" means that the place of a capable actor is to be filled by mediocrity. It means also another company; and the more companies there are, the more bad acting there will be, for there are not enough good actors to supply the existing organizations. Mr. Miller has earned the right to head a company of his own, so far as any actor can earn such right by study and serious work. His success will depend more upon his plays than upon himself. Any capable actor cleverly managed will attract, provided he obtains good and entertaining plays. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated repeatedly that the greatest favorites will not draw if they happen to have as their vehicles pieces which the public fails to approve.

The play chosen for Mr. Miller's initial twinkle at the Garden Theatre is entitled *Heartsease*. It was originally presented in Chicago as a drama of modern society, and in its pristine form it failed to please. Then Mr. Miller, or the authors, Messrs. Klein and Clarke, concluded that what the play lacked was color. As a symphony in black and white, broadcloth and linen, it would not do; it was too romantic for its raiment. It was then decided to supply the necessary color by adding costumes of the Georgian era, together with a few expletives in the form of "'sdeaths," "ecods," and big, big D's. In stage literature exclamation points and costumes by Dazian are the principal requisites to local color. There can be no doubt that the play has been improved by the age given it in revision; for the ultra-romantic plot would seem absurd with a latter-day environment. In *Heartsease* Mr. Miller is called upon to impersonate a musical composer whose entire dearth of common-sense indicates genius of a high order. His opera is stolen by a rival. The latter has the work produced under his own name, which seems careless. The wronged composer attends the theatre and finds his own work in course of performance. The great scene of the play takes place in the third act, when the just and the unjust musicians meet, and the former physically discomposes the latter. The catch-as-catch-can bout is extremely grateful to the auditors, who just at this point have become somewhat wearied by the good composer's tribulations. Mr. Miller's Eric Temple is a manly and straightforward piece of acting, with an occasional touch of pathos, such as he displayed in his unappreciated but admirable work in *Michael and His Lost Angel*. Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft's wholesale plagiarist is a highly polished specimen of stage villany. The action of the drama is slow up to the third act. The dialogue is neatly written, although the newly added 1785 flavor seems to have been poured in hastily.

The matinée hat is at present the subject of international discussion. From a humble beginning as a theme for the comic paragrapher and the topical song, it has grown in importance as it has increased in height and circumference. In this country outraged play-goers have invoked the aid of the law, and several bills levelled against the Gainsborough and its varieties have been introduced into State Legislatures. In England the Anti-Theatre-Hat League has been organized, thanks to the efforts of the *Era*, that organ of the theatrical profession having begun the crusade. It is proposed that in various parts of theatres the following notice be posted:

> "No person is allowed to wear a hat or bonnet during the progress of the performance, and the attendants have strict orders to enforce this regulation, framed for the general comfort of the audience."

Sir Henry Irving has expressed a characteristic conservative opinion on the subject. He says quite truly that the wearing of hats is not a matter regarding which a manager can dictate. "The reform can only be carried out by the public themselves." Mr. Wyndham and most of the London managers coincide with the views of Sir Henry Irving. Of course it is absurd that lessees of theatres should think of laying down the law to their patrons on a subject of this sort. Good taste, however, is working a change for the better. In New York, at the leading theatres, very few large hats are to be seen at present. If they are worn to the theatre, they are almost invariably removed before the curtain rises. But there are still women who are vain and selfish, and these will not be induced to remove their pyramidal obstructions until the fashion papers circulate the report that hats are worn at theatres only by women over forty years old.

It was a saying of John Brougham that "an actor who can play burlesque well can play anything." It does not follow, of course, that a dramatist who can produce a clever farce can write anything—for the stage; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the writing of farces is the best possible preparation for play-writing of a more ambitious sort. The successful farce demands of its author constructive skill, bright dialogue, and unflagging action; and it is in writing of this kind that an author may best acquire the technique of the stage. This is apropos of Charles Hoyt and *A Contented Woman*. Mr. Hoyt holds a mortgage upon the affections of a large constituency of American play-goers. How many hours of gayety and good-nature the public would have missed but for the inventive genius of this typical American humorist! In *A Contented Woman* Mr. Hoyt seems to have striven for two effects. It is apparent that he wished primarily to write a star part for his wife, a handsome actress of limited experience. Secondly, he evidently desired to write something less broadly farcical than his earlier productions. In both aims he has succeeded. *A Contented Woman* has little if any of the boisterous fun identified with the former pieces from the same pen, yet it is brimful of humor and satire, and Mrs. Hoyt is a charming figure in the title rôle. Some day Mr. Hoyt must write the first "great American comedy." He cannot escape this awful responsibility. There is no one else to do it.

Harry B. Smith.

LONDON.

January 1, 1897.

It is more difficult, on this dusky threshold of the new year, to say exactly what London, at the dim aperture, is looking for than to say what—so far as, in the air we live in, mere eyes may avail—she is looking *at*. It is only the nearest objects that can, in such a medium, be descried, and I fall with instant relief to the easier task—comfortably conscious indeed of the blessed support of the Christmas void, the big brown desert of a town laid waste by the fond fancy (sweetest, for the London-lover at least, of all English superstitions,) that this is the time of the year for the breast of nature. "Every one" is in the country—every one but the superlatively wise for whom the sense of such a shrinkage is an old and charming story, a story rich in impressions of the way things loom larger in the comparative solitude, the way "productions," of almost any kind, become striking and the pink and gold of the shop-fronts irradiate the fog. If the spirit of pantomime pervades in this manner the very streets, I hasten to add that theirs is the truest felicity who have schoolboys at large to take to the play. The pantomime, it is true, is not the play to the extent it used to be; but that difference is made up by the fact that the play is more and more the pantomime. I mean it is more and more one of the "productions aforesaid"—a great show and a great picture, an exhibition of which the pecuniary cost (the only cost ever mentioned, or of which a work of art, the interpretation of an author, appears to be deemed susceptible,) is promptly commemorated in the newspapers. And the vividness of this truth is not, I think, dimmed by the accident that if what the theatres are just now offering us is Shakespeare, one of them has but just ceased to offer us Ibsen.

Sir Henry Irving's *Richard III.* is not his first playing of the part, but it is his first presentation of the piece. Upwards of twenty years ago it was produced at the Lyceum by the management immediately preceding his own, and was then one of the successes which presumably determined him to take over the theatre from failing hands. His Richard of those days, as I remember it, strikingly showed his gifts, but he has had the artistic patience, all these years, to leave the character alone. His gifts have not changed, though they have visibly developed, and his power to use them has matured. His present creation has the benefit of this maturity, though I seem to remember that even the earlier one, when so much of his reputation was still to come, had that element of "authority" which is a note by itself in an actor's effect, independent of the particular case, and almost as distinguishable in what he does worst as in what he does best. What Sir Henry Irving does best, as happens in this instance, is exactly what he does with Richard—makes, for the setting, a big, brave general picture, and then, for the figure, plays on the chord of the sinister-sardonic, flowered over as vividly as may be with the elegant-grotesque. No figure could have more of this livid complexion and Gothic angularity than, singly and simply seen, the monster drawn by Shakespeare. Singly and simply—in this light—Sir Henry Irving sees him, and makes him, very obvious yet very distinguished, hold the Lyceum stage with any of his predecessors. But I confess that, in regard to the whole matter, the question of the better and the worse, of whether such a Richard as this is or isn't, in his frank enjoyment of the joke, a "comic character," leaves me cold compared with the opportunity of testifying afresh to an impression now quite wearily mature—an acute sense that, after all that has come and gone, the represented Shakespeare is simply no longer to be borne. The reason of this impatience is of the clearest—there is absolutely no representing him. The attempt to make real or even plausible a loose, violent, straddling romance like *Richard III.*—a chronicle for the market-place, a portrait for the house wall—only emphasizes what is coarse in such a hurly-burly and does nothing for what is fine. It gives no further lift to the poetry and adds a mortal heaviness to the prose. The thing suffers (till it positively howls) from everything to which, in fiction—the fiction of the theatre or any other—the present general cultivation of a closer illusion exposes it. The more it is painted and dressed, the more it is lighted and furnished and solidified, the less it corresponds or coincides, the less it squares with our imaginative habits. By what extension of the term can such a scene as Richard's wooing of Lady Anne be said to be represented? We can only use the word to mean that Sir Henry Irving shows his experience and his art. It leaves us doggedly defying any actress whatever to give a touch of truth, either for woe or for weal, to the other figure of the situation—leaves us weltering, at this and at the great majority of the other moments, in a sea of weak allowances from which we at last scramble ashore with (for all spoil of the wreck,) a sore sense that the more Shakespeare is "built in" the more we are built out.

If after this I say that I took, earlier in the month, a lively interest in the production, at the Avenue Theatre, by Miss Elizabeth Robins, of *Little Eyolf*, I shall be quite prepared to hear it asked if I think Ibsen, then, so superior to the Bard of Avon. I am afraid it won't take me long enough even for decency to reply that for the purpose to which he has just been so successfully applied I prefer him a hundred times. I like Shakespeare better—let me hurry to declare—"for reading"; but I like Shakespeare better for—Northumberland Avenue; and Northumberland Avenue is after all but a moment's walk from that stronghold of art, the Strand. Ibsen has the merit, not vain for an author of plays, of being at his best in the theatre. He is in our chords, on our scale; he profits, up to the hilt, by the inevitable effort of our time to make the reflection of life, in the different arts, have the look and motion and sound of life. *Little Eyolf* had had to wait two years to come to the London stage; during which I dare say he has had his nine days' run in America, as these are matters in which other countries—countries other than England, I mean—are apt to be quicker on the trigger. It is true that we have at present the promise of all proper quickness in the case of *John Gabriel Borkman*, the four-act piece which embodies the very last biennial revolution—a series unfailing in its regularity and as punctual to a day as the mill of fate—of the wonderful old man of Christiania. Mr. William Archer has just translated it, Mr. Heinemann is about to publish it, and it is shortly to be produced by Miss Robins, who, in England, has rendered Ibsen all the pious service of a priestess of the altar. I have read the play with the sense of a great warming of the critical heart, and I emphasize the prospect because I profess no vagueness as to the fact that it belongs to that very small group of impressions theatrical which—as things appear mainly to be going—denote a calculable comfort. The comfort supplied by Ibsen—I use the term in the sense of the "higher amusement"—springs indeed from more sources than I can now attempt to enumerate, freshly opened as some of them were by the handful of performances of *Little Eyolf*. They began to operate, they always begin, within five or ten minutes of the rise of the curtain—a moment at which this special spectator becomes aware of an adjustment of his æsthetic sense as definite as a material "click." It is simply the acceptance of the small Ibsen *spell*, the surrender of the imagination to his microcosm, his confined but completely constituted world, in which, in every case, the tissue of relations between the parts and the whole is of a closeness so fascinating. The odd thing—I speak of course from the point of view of my particular stall—is that the fascination appears quite independent either of the merit of the interpretation or of the place held by the play in the Ibsen list. The place of *Little Eyolf* is not of the highest, and even in London, on other occasions, the author has had, on the whole, I think, more acting. Yet prompt to the moment, the charm descended—as sharp as ever rang the little silver bell. Let me hope that I shall be able, on the production of *John Gabriel*, to express more arithmetically the mysterious force applied to it. Meanwhile there are other things to do.

One of them is not, for the present, to see *As You Like It* at the St. James's; for frankly, after all—little as it may be believed of such a paradise of players—the theatres are not, every month of the year, the whole of the London story. The New Gallery, at this moment, competes with them in a manner, shines out into the dusk with an effect of color, as the phrase is, that, in some instances, could scarce be greater if it came over the footlights. It comes over the frames of Mr. Watts's pictures, which constitute, at the New Gallery, the winter exhibition and prepare us for the attraction of the rival house, a demonstration in honor of Frederick Leighton, whom as yet it is difficult (though will it ever, alas, be easier?) to speak of, in the mode of the invitation-cards, as "Lord Leighton of Stretton." The winter collection, at the Academy, that loan-exhibition of the "Old Masters," which, in the dim, quiet weeks, with its recurrent reminder of the inexhaustible art-wealth of England, has so long been, to my sense, the pleasantest pictorial thing of the London year, is on this occasion to consist wholly of the work of the most urbane and most eloquent, most accomplished perhaps, and certainly most decorated and rewarded, of its presidents. But that is for to-morrow, and Mr. Watts is first in the field. He brings us face to face again, I suppose, with the question of the gain and the loss, for a painter, of presentation *en bloc;* but I won't go so far as to say that he offers us any very powerful aid for dealing with it as a theme of debate. I have no difficulty in declaring that, for myself, I am far from liking the whole of Mr. Watts as well as I like the half or the third or even the quarter. The three full rooms of the New Gallery are an extraordinary record of a painter's ups and downs; but even this reflection held me less than some others I was moved to make. Mr. Watts is "Victorian"—that came home to me, more than ever, on the spot; but I mention it not as a discovery—only as a pretext for a friendlier appreciation. For if in the arts the epithet—or what we loosely understand by it—is almost necessarily invidious, Mr. Watts wears it with an interesting difference. He met his destiny in the terrible fifties, but she was luckily not the direst daughter of the decade. She reminds us of her fatal sisters, but she may pass for the flower of the family. She got him, at any rate, some very good orders—introduced him, I should say more nobly, to some very handsome models. For it is only, I make haste to mention, as a painter of portraits that I pretend to allude to Mr. Watts. His compositions, his allegories and fantasies are beyond me; they are mainly interesting, I think, as a fresh memento that nothing in a work of art can take the place of representation, nothing in a picture take the place of painting. Mr. Watts's imagination strikes me as productive just in proportion as his subject is concrete. There is nothing so concrete as a charming woman or a distinguished man; and these are just the cases in which, with the ground firm under his feet, he has indulged most happily in that pictorial emotion which has been his distinctive note—a passage leading him straight to style. Style, for him, has resided in the capacity to feel—and to feel as a poet or a woman feels, with wonder and respect—the interesting individual. If women could paint they would paint, I surmise, very like Mr. Watts. Sometimes he has felt a good deal more than he has painted, but when the execution has kept pace he has risen very high. His later work has not been, in general, his strongest; yet it was in 1891 that he produced his admirable portrait of Walter Crane, an expression of both his gifts at their best and a supreme example of his happy art of making, with a hundred refinements, a mystery even of what he most seizes. This picture, a real triumph of the sense within the sense and the craft within the craft, marks the author's greatest day. Such a portrait—such a taking possession for taste and thought—has even a certain fine cruelty for the sitter. It seems to do so much for him that it is a kind of effacement of what he may have done or may wish to do for himself. To be taken so seriously and set to such music is, in short, possibly discouraging.

What, with the best-born of its companions, however, the Walter Crane may well suggest is that all this experience on the part of the painter, all this luxury of surrender to the claim, to the possibilities, of another personality, is in itself a high form of success. What came home to me at the New Gallery was that, after all, the privilege of an artist of this temperament is perhaps greater still than his work. It represents indeed an enviable happiness. A spectator trying for a different form of representation (I mean in another craft,) could wonder what it would have been for himself—what it would have *not* been, rather—to have felt and imagined, with that intensity, during so long a career, so much definitely distinguished life. It could only have been a great adventure, a sort of vicarious thrill. This gave the spectator in question the desire for another look at that array of a dozen celebrities lately presented by Mr. Watts to the National Portrait Gallery, the great pictorial roll of the eminent English which, after much dispersion and not a little dishonor, has finally found a home in the low, swelling structure now pinned—a good deal as a "bustle" is attached to a lady's waist—to the broad back of the gray museum of Trafalgar Square. But he suddenly remembered a reason to wait a little. The portrait of Coventry Patmore painted a couple of years since by John Sargent and just offered to the nation by the poet's widow is not yet in its place. Let us postpone our visit till we can by the same stroke renew acquaintance with that magnificent work.

Henry James.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

An unfinished poem said to have been found on the floor of the Governor's Office at Albany.

I do not care for clamor, and I do not care for fuss;
It matters not to me at all how much the public cuss;
I do not give a jot for what the public may opine,
Because the office that I hold is wholly, solely mine.

The record that I'll hold when in the histories I appear—
At which, no doubt, some future sage will choose to scoff and jeer—
Won't be the public's record, but, so far as I can see,
'Twill be the record of the man that now is known as me.

And I am going to forge ahead and do just as *I* please;
No outside sentiment shall I endeavor to appease;
No tunes of other men shall change the songs that I shall sing;
And if folks do not like it they can do the other thing.

For, frankly, I object to that most recent notion queer
Set forth by one who ran for place within a recent year,
That 'tis the best for all concerned, the only proper plan,
To look upon a ruler as the people's hired man.

Nor need you fear, in view of this, that I shall ever be
A man who wishes to appear without restraint and free.
I have no wish to pose at all as New York's autocrat;
In fact I promise I'll do naught until I hear from ——

John Kendrick Bangs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE promotion of Mr. John S. Sargent to be a Royal Academician is a distinction of the greater note because it has followed so unusually soon on his election as Associate in 1894. Mr. Alma-Tadema was elected A.R.A. in 1876, and R.A. in 1879, when he was forty-six years old; Sir Frederick Leighton became an Associate in 1864, and an Academician in 1869, when he was thirty-nine years old; Sir John Millais, an Associate in 1853, became an R.A. ten years later, when he was only thirty-four. All these are exceptional cases, as is that of Hubert Herkomer, who became an R.A. at forty-one, after eleven years' apprenticeship as Associate. Mr. Sargent, like Mr. Herkomer, is an R.A. at forty-one, but hardly more than two years after his election as Associate. His promotion is warmly commended by the London newspapers, and in the fact that, being of American parentage, he is looked upon as of the American set they seem to find ground for special satisfaction. Mr. Sargent and Mr. E. A. Abbey, who was elected an Associate last year, are the only Americans now living who have been so honored by the Royal Academy.

The news that at the same election Mr. Alfred Parsons was chosen an Associate is of interest to American readers, and especially to readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, wherein first appeared most of the charming drawings to which it is reported Mr. Parsons's election is considered to be due. Mr. Parsons, though so much of his work has come to this country, is an Englishman.

The hospitality of the Royal Academy to Americans is not only gratifying to Americans but wise from a British stand-point, as tending to make England attractive to American artists of marked ability. Perhaps we might be excused for wishing that British prejudice might drive our good men home, but there is no prospect of that, and it is well that there is not, for art should be free to choose its own environment, and to abide by that that suits it best.

Mr. R. F. Zogbaum's free exhibition of water-colors and drawings at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square south, does not close until January 22, and will still be open when this number of the WEEKLY reaches its readers. The catalogue of the exhibition includes a dozen water-colors and eighty drawings—nearly all of military, naval, or hunting subjects. Many of them are originals of pictures published in the WEEKLY, the readers of which will need no assurances as to their merit. The collection includes groups of drawings made at the State Camp, at Creedmoor, West Point, and Annapolis, four of St. Clair's defeat, five of General G. A. Forsyth's fight, and many illustrative of life aboard a man-of-war.

Whoever has not seen Miss Ada Rehan's Beatrice in the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which is now running at Daly's Theatre, may be stimulated by the two portraits of her given on another page of this number of the WEEKLY to seize a rare and precious opportunity which is still available. The revival of the play, and Miss Rehan's personation of the vivacious Beatrice, were dwelt upon and heartily commended in the Music and Drama Department of the WEEKLY of January 9.

The prospect for the zoological collection in Bronx Park seems to be good. It was recently reported that the Park Commissioners had informally approved the society's application for land, and that an agreement with the city is likely to follow very shortly, so that children now in being may hope to see real wild beasts in real lairs before they grow up.

A new word that comes from the West and is highly commended by discriminating amateurs of language is "gabfest." Its meaning is obvious. Gab, from the Saxon, we get by inheritance; *fest*, from the German, by importation, and both are familiar. The late Editor McCullagh of St. Louis is credited with putting the two together and sending them out into the world. Boston of course abounds in gabfests of all sorts and descriptions recurring at short intervals. New York has them of fair number and quality, including the monthly meetings of Sorosis and the fortnightly meetings of the New York Presbytery. The newspaper reports of the recent gabfests of the Presbytery over the case of Mr. Warszawiak, the converted Jew, have been unusually worthy of attention. Mr. Warszawiak, who is a member of Dr. Hall's church on Fifth Avenue, conducts a mission for converted Jews, and application was made to the Presbytery to take him and his mission under its care. The application was refused, partly because of allegations against his moral character, as to which, however, the committee which looked into the case reported, in effect, that it should be charitably regarded because Mr. Warszawiak was born and bred a Jew. This happened on the 14th of December. It displeased divers Jews and their friends to have it suggested that the moral characters of Jews were entitled to more charitable consideration than those of other people, and one meeting of the Presbytery was exclusively devoted to attempts to admit and record the inexpediency of that opinion without absolutely disavowing it. This being laboriously accomplished the next gabfest was largely devoted to reconsideration of Mr. Warszawiak's moral character, which was remanded for examination, the previous action of the Presbytery being rescinded, and the findings of its committee being stricken from the record. The Presbytery is courageously hospitable to reporters, and is just as willing to be overheard when it is correcting its mistakes as when it is, or is not, making them.

The word "flyer" as commonly used is understood to mean a speculation in something which unites the possibility of gratifying returns with recognized and somewhat imminent hazard of the loss of the investment. A bill now before the House of Representatives invites Uncle Sam to take a flyer in no less uncertain a speculation than flying-machines. It provides for the appropriation of $40,000 to be divided equally between Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. James Seldon Cowden, of Fairfax County, Virginia; $20,000 to be used by Professor Langley in experiments in aerial navigation and in the construction of aeroplanes, and a like sum by Mr. Cowden for experiments in aerial navigation and the construction of air-navigating machines. The bill proposes the expenditure of $20,000 more in experiments of the same nature by the Chief Signal Officer, under direction of the Secretary of War, and it provides that any air-ship built with the moneys appropriated shall be property of the government for purposes of defense.

No doubt an air-ship of merit that could carry a fair cargo of dynamite about and drop it where it seemed likely to do the most good would take the Nobel prize for the promotion of peace, and possibly also that for the most notable discovery in physics. It might also win the big prize provided by the Hodgson fund of the Smithsonian Institution, a fund which is somewhat vaguely supposed to have furnished means for some of Professor Langley's previous experiments. There is what trade calls "good money" in an air-ship that will fly, both in prizes and in patent rights, but as a field of gainful speculation aerial navigation is not alluring to private capital. The bill inviting Uncle Sam to invest in it has been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, which will doubtless inform itself of what has been done already, and determine whether the chances of success seem to be such as to justify further experiments at government expense.

The Marti Charity Association Home, for the benefit of which a ball is to be given on January 22 at the Lexington Avenue Opera-house, in New York, was incorporated a year ago, is domiciled at 216 East Thirty-third Street, and is maintained as a shelter for Cubans who in consequence of the war should find themselves destitute in New York. Since the home was opened last April fifty-four persons, the majority of them women and children, have found a refuge there and have been cared for. The cost of furnishing and maintaining the home for eight months of last year was about $4600.

Mescal intoxication, as investigated and described in the New York *Herald* by Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, yields some curious and interesting peculiarities, but seems not to possess solid advantages sufficient to encourage the opinion that it will supersede the familiar exhilaration produced by John Barleycorn. Dr. Mitchell got some mescal beans from Dr. Prentiss of Washington, who has written about them, and at noon on a busy day took the extract of a bean and a half. At one o'clock he took another bean, at a quarter past four four beans more—six beans and a half within about four hours. His first dose promptly gave him a sense of great gastric discomfort, though not enough to stop him in his work. As he went along he had other symptoms, including, at about 4.30, a slight headache, and at the same time a pleasing and unusual sense of power, which, when tested in difficult work, proved ill based, since he could write no more ably nor make verses more easily nor was readier at figures than usual. But at twenty minutes past five he lay down in a darkened room, and then began to get the particular results that he was expecting. Lights began to appear to him, and for two hours he was the spectator at a display of colors "such," he says, "as I find it hopeless to describe in language which shall convey to others the beauty and splendor of what I saw." He describes enough, however, to give some idea of the mescal fireworks. He saw at first stars and delicate films of floating color; then an abrupt rush of countless points of white light sweeping across the field of view; then darkness; then zigzag lines of very bright colors; then "wonderful loveliness of swelling clouds, gone before I could name them"; then a white spear that grew up into a great Gothic tower of intricate design, wonderfully illuminated with clusters of colored lights of a satisfying intensity and purity that was beyond words, which shifted, trembled, vibrated, and glowed in incessant motion.

He gives many other details of the exhibition, telling of a huge worm a hundred feet long, which rotated like a Catherine-wheel, and of a vision of the beach at Newport, with marvellous colored waves rushing in, the important feature of the show being always the fairyland colors. Through all this vision, Dr. Mitchell says, he was awake and acutely conscious, and could have described what he saw to a stenographer, as he hopes to do if he tries it again. But he is doubtful about trying, since, he says, he had gastric distress for one day and headache for two, which made it an expensive show. He predicts a perilous reign for the mescal habit when the beans get into the market.

The newspapers of New York seem to be in practical agreement that Magistrate Mott has infirmities of temper which make him unfit to administer justice in a police court. To this finding the magistrate himself has filed a dissenting opinion in the form of a communication to the representative of the *Evening Post*, to whom he has declared that the only trouble about him is that he has tried to keep the newspaper reporters in their proper place in his court. They swarmed over the bench, he says, monopolized the time of the court officers, and were mendacious, impertinent, intrusive, and insolent, so that he had to take them in hand.

It is conceivable that reporters may sometimes allow their zeal to betray them into breaches of decorum even in a police court, but it is hard to believe that there could be such very general complaint about Magistrate Mott's eccentricities of demeanor unless there was a pretty substantial basis to it. If the magistrate could manage to conduct his court somewhat more to the satisfaction of the reporters, and the reporters could conform their manners and methods somewhat more closely to the magistrate's notions of propriety, it seems possible that the resulting benefits would be worth the trouble. At any rate, the New York newspaper-reading public would be quit of a lot of disagreeable reading, and that would be a considerable gain in itself.

It was the sense of a recent meeting of sympathizers with the Armenians, held in Boston or some other outspoken place, that the name of F. Hopkinson Smith would go down to posterity coupled with that of Abdul-Hamid, and that posterity would have an unspeakable opinion of both of them. This conviction is probably based more upon zeal than sound reflection, but Mr. Smith, as the apologist of the Sultan, continues to be a good deal of a target, and if he is not full of holes it is because his constituent materials are tough. He clings to the opinion that the revolutionary Armenians are much more to blame for the massacre of their countrymen than the Sultan is, which view has a basis of fact which is recognized by many observers who by no means accept the opinion itself.

Americans who are in the habit of going to Europe in the summer, and of taking the opportunity while there to lay in a store of raiment, will be pained to learn of the opinion of the Retail Dry-goods Association of New York that altogether too much merchandise comes into New York free of duty, and that something ought to be done to induce returning travellers who bring in goods to contribute their proper share to the expenses of government. Mr. Bloomingdale, who represents the association, is going to Washington to see the Ways and Means Committee of the House about it. He believes that the value of merchandise which comes duty free into New York every year is not less than $50,000,000. He complains that under a recent decision of the Supreme Court as to necessary wearing apparel a dressmaker may bring forty dresses back from Paris, and bring them all through the custom-house as her own. Mr. Bloomingdale and the dry-goods men think that so generous an interpretation of the law is unfair to the importers who pay duties, and he is going to try to have something done about it.

There are those who believe that an extensive share of the acreage set aside for what is known as future punishment is to be devoted to persons, otherwise exemplary, who have smuggled dutiable effects through the custom-house. The subject is a sad one, involving insinuations as to perjury, bribery, and plain and variegated greed which are depressing even to optimists who are able to doubt their truth.

Announcement was first publicly made on January 14 of the offer of Mr. J. P. Morgan to put up a million-dollar building for the Society of the Lying-in Hospital of New York at Second Avenue and Seventeenth Street. The society's main hospital at present is in the old Hamilton Fish house on Second Avenue, which, though large and pleasant, was built for a private residence, and naturally is imperfectly adapted for hospital uses. The new building which Mr. Morgan offers, and which, it is apparently intended, shall replace the present main building, will have everything that the busy minds of doctors have devised or can think of as proper to the equipment of a modern hospital. The only condition that Mr. Morgan attaches to his offer is that the society shall give him assurance that it has sufficient funds to go on with its work in the new building after it is built. This condition the directors are confident that they can meet.

It begins to be doubtful whether Mr. Morgan will ever be very much of a millionaire. The habit of giving money in large chunks to charitable and public uses tends to check accumulation, and, like any other habit, is liable to grow. George Peabody, who liked extremely to make money and enjoyed accumulating it, said that giving was irksome to him when he began, but that he soon acquired a taste for it, and finally it interested him exceedingly. This same taste seems to be growing on Mr. Morgan. It is expensive certainly, but full of remuneration to any one who cultivates it with energy and discrimination.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent address before the Public Education Association in New York, dwelt particularly on the folly of feeding children's minds on literary slop. He doesn't believe in writing down to children, and he even said (or is reported to have said) that he wished nobody had ever written a word for children. "I would give a child," he said, "no literature I did not like myself."

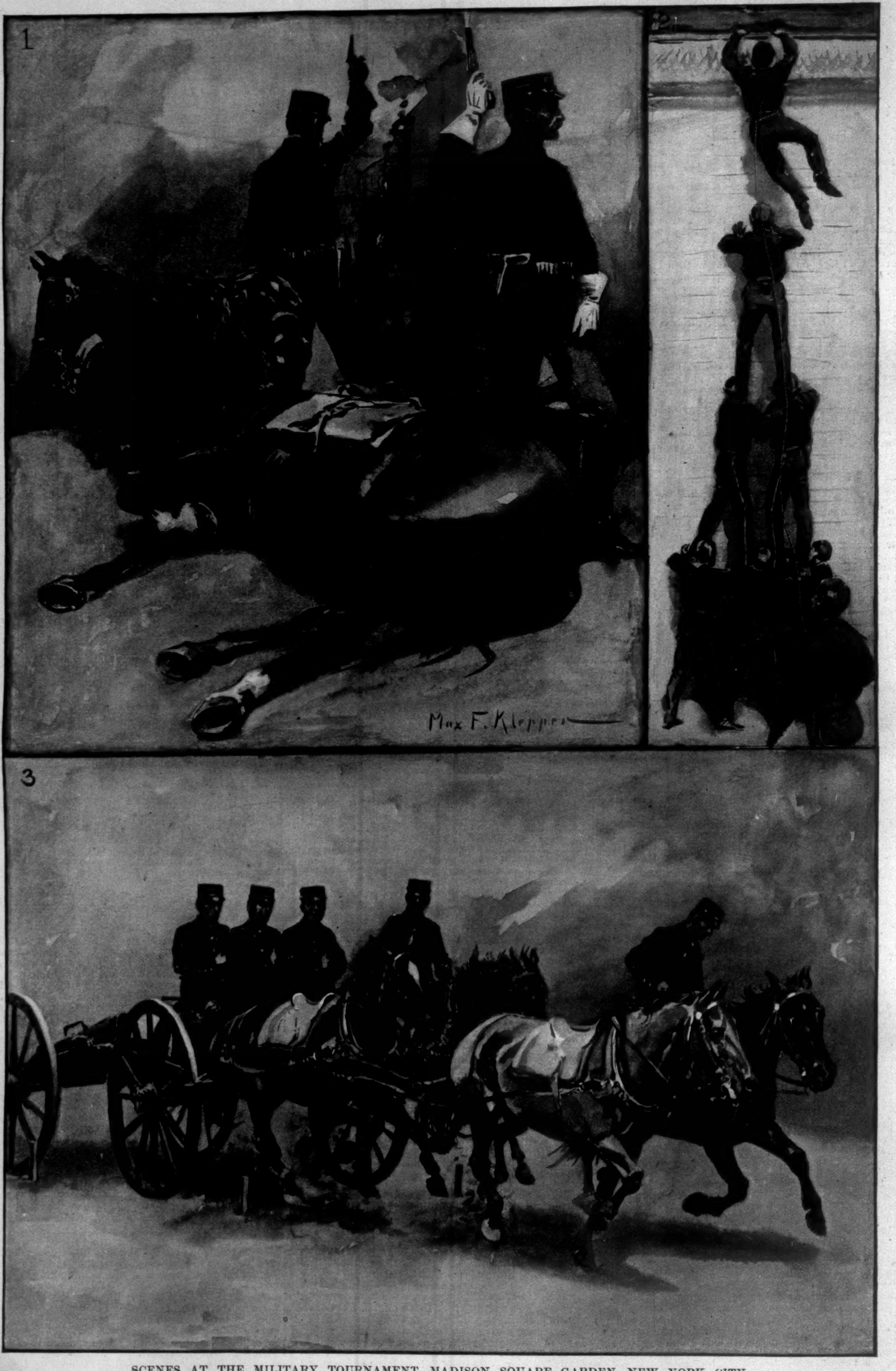
Undoubtedly, however, he would and does himself like many books that have been written for children, and which delight all grown-ups who know good books from bad. Probably, too, he would admit that very little children require very simple literary food, and to read them books that are over their heads is a vain exercise. But in his main contention of course he is right. To fool away a child's attention by reading it poor literature is a sin, and the sort of wilful waste that leads to woful intellectual want. It is perfectly unnecessary too, such an abundance of reading there is which is literature and is worth while, and which interests properly constituted children more than rubbish. Life is too short and art too long to justify our putting anything into children's minds that is not worth storage.

Professor H. W. Farnham, writing in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* about the late General Francis A. Walker, claims him as "a loyal supporter of Yale methods and the Yale spirit" both in scholarship and athletics. General Walker was a professor in the Sheffield Scientific School for nearly nine years, and while thus resident in New Haven went, Professor Farnham says, to all the great football-matches, and knew personally all the head football-men and all about them.

The extent of General Walker's support of Yale methods may be matter for discussion, but there is no doubt as to his attitude toward college athletics. That he disclosed in 1893 in an oration on the subject before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, in which he recorded at length his warm approval of college athletics, and of the type of man they helped to produce.

People who like to speculate at what period or at what point on Manhattan Island the disposition to move further up town will be checked are invited to take note of the discussion in the Madison Avenue Church of the proposal to sell the present church building on Fifty-third Street and move up to Eighty-fifth Street. The motive for migration is not in this case convenience so much as pecuniary advantage. The corner on Fifty-third Street is worth from $350,000 to $400,000, and the church is a free church with a tendency to have annual deficits. The congregation thinks that if it sold the present church property and moved a mile and a half up town it could build a handsome church there and have enough money left to furnish an endowment-fund that would make the work of the church more effective. The familiar argument that churches that move up town move away from their poor parishioners is probably not applicable to a Madison Avenue Church on the corner of Fifty-third Street.

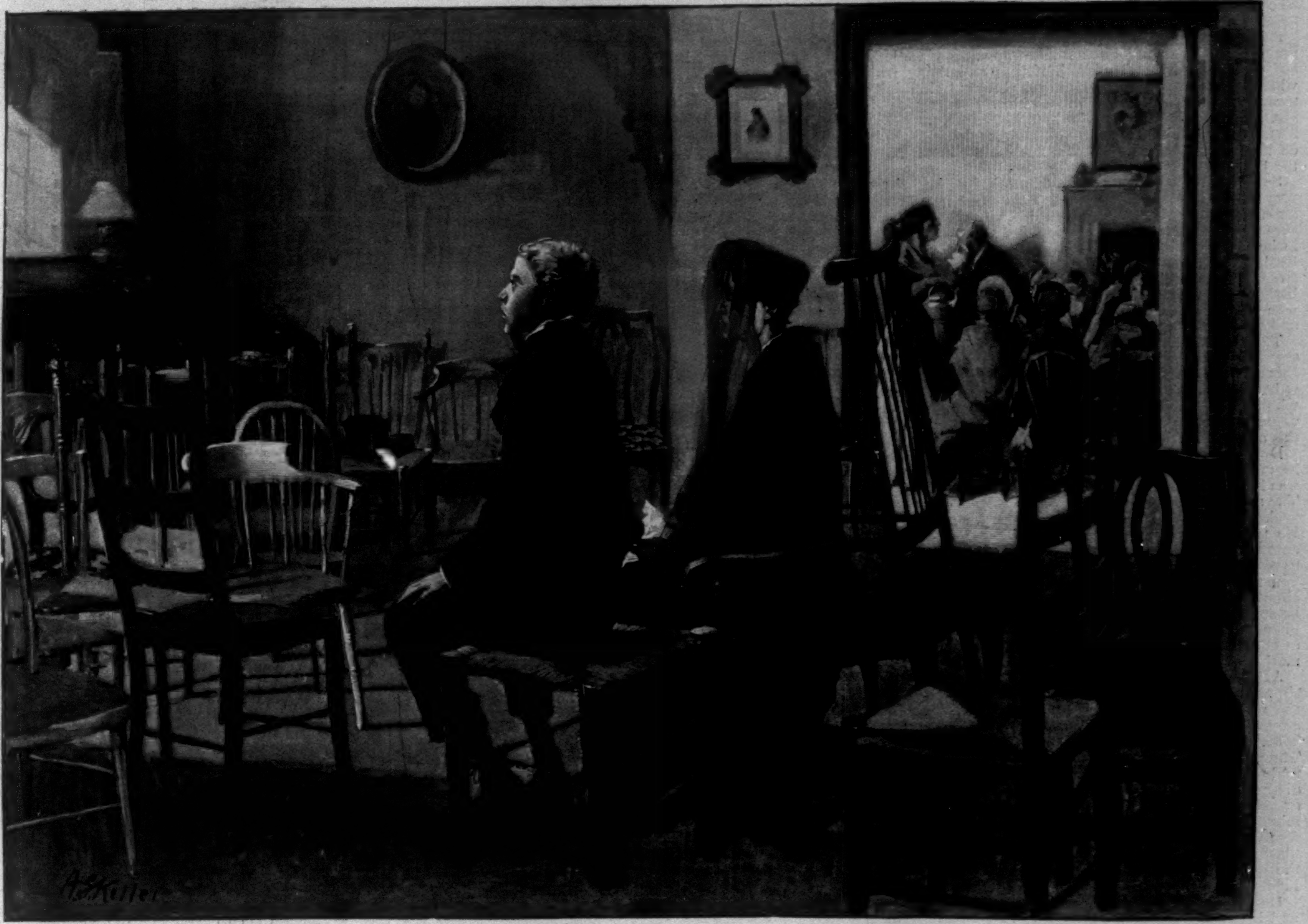
E. S. MARTIN.



SCENES AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 94.]

1. Horses of Troop F, Third United States Cavalry, Captain Dodd, "falling to Fire." 2. Wall-scaling by a Company from the Thirteenth United States Infantry, Lieutenant Butts. 3. Light Battery D, Fifth United States Artillery, Captain Thorpe, driving Guns and Caissons at full speed between six Stakes with only two and a half inches leeway.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Paulina Maria and Belinda Lamb returned to finish preparations, and Jerome was sent over to the West Corners to notify some relatives there of the funeral service. Just as he was starting it was decided that he had better ride some six miles farther to Granby and see some others, who might think they had a claim to an invitation.

"Imogen Lawson an' Sarah were always dreadful touchy," said Mrs. Edwards. "They'll never get over it if they ain't asked. I guess you'd better go there, Jerome."

"Yes, he had," said Paulina Maria.

"It's a real pleasant day, an' I guess they'll enjoy comin'," said Belinda. Paulina Maria gave her a poke with a hard elbow, that hurt her soft side, and she looked at her wonderingly.

"Enjoy!" repeated Ann Edwards, bitterly.

"I dun'no' what you mean," half whimpered Belinda.

"No, I don't s'pose you do," returned Ann. "There's one thing about it—folks can always tell what *you* mean. You don't mean nothin', an' never did. You couldn't be put in a dictionary. Noah Webster couldn't find any meanin' fer you if he was to set up all night." A nervous sob shook Mrs. Edwards's little frame. Ann was almost hysterical that morning. Her black eyes were brightly dilated, her mouth tremulous, and her throat swollen.

Paulina Maria grasped Belinda by the shoulder. "You'd better get the broom an' sweep out the woodshed," said she, and Belinda went out with a limp flutter of her cotton skirts and her curls.

Jerome rode the old white horse, that could only travel at a heavy jog, and he did not get home until noon—not much in advance of the funeral guests he had bidden. They had directly left all else, got out what mourning-weeds they could muster, and made ready.

When Jerome reached home, he was immediately seized by Paulina Maria. "Go right out and wash your face and hands real clean," said she, "and then go up stairs and change your clothes. I've laid them out on the bed. When you get to the neckerchief, you come down here, and I'll tie it for you; it's your father's. You've got to wear somethin' black, to be decent."

Jerome obeyed. All the incipient masculine authority in him was overwhelmed by this excess of feminine strength. He washed his face and hands faithfully, and donned his little clean coarse shirt and his poor best garments. Then he came down with the black silk neckerchief, and Paulina Maria tied it around his boyish neck.

"His father thought so much of that neckerchief," said Mrs. Edwards, catching her breath. "It was 'most the only thing he bought himself for ten year that he didn't actually need."

"Jerome is the one to have it," said Paulina Maria, and she made the black silk knot tight and firm.

An hour before the time set for the funeral Ann Edwards was all dressed and ready. They had drawn her chair into the front parlor, and there she sat in state. She wore the borrowed black bonnet and veil. The decent black shawl and gown were her own. The doctor's wife had sent over some black silk gloves, and she wore them. They were much too large. Ann crossed her tiny hands, wrinkled over with the black silk, with long empty black silk fingers dangling in her lap, over a fine white linen handkerchief. She had laid her gloved hands over the handkerchief with a gesture full of resolution. "I sha'n't give way," she said to Paulina Maria. That meant that, although she took the handkerchief in obedience to custom, it would not be used to dry the tears of affliction.

Ann's face behind the black gloom of her crape veil seemed to show nothing plainly but the hard lines of resolution about her mouth and the red stain of tears about her eyes. She held now her emotions in check like a vise.

Jerome and poor little Elmira, whom Paulina Maria had dressed in a little black Canton-crape shawl of her own, sat one on each side. Elmira wept now and then, trying to stifle her sobs, but Jerome sat as immovable as his mother.

The funeral guests arrived, and seated themselves solemnly in the rows of chairs which had been borrowed from the neighbors. Adoniram Judd and Ozias Lamb had carried chairs for a good part of the forenoon. Nearly all the village came; the strange circumstances of this funeral, wherein there was no dead man to carry solemnly in the midst of a long black procession to his grave, attracted many. Then, too, Abel Edwards had been known to them all since his childhood, and well liked in the main, although the hard grind of his daily life had of late years isolated him from his old mates.

Men sat there with stiff bowed heads, and glances of solemn furtiveness at new-comers, who had played with Abel in his boyhood, and to whom those old memories were more real than those of the last ten years. Abel Edwards, in the absence both of his living soul and his dead body, was present in the minds of many as a sturdy, light-hearted boy.

The people of Upham Corners assembled here together, dressed in their best, wearing their most staid and decorous demeanor, showed their fortunes in life plainly enough. Generally speaking, they were a poor and hard-working folk—poorer and harder working than the average people in villages. Upham Corners, from its hilly site, freely intersected with rock ledges, was not well calculated for profitable farming. The farms therein were mortgaged, and scarcely fed their tillers. The water privileges were good, and the little mills might have flourished, but the greater markets were too far away, and few workmen could be employed.

Most of the women at poor Abel Edwards's funeral were worn and old before their prime, their mouths sunken, wearing old women's caps over their locks at thirty. Their decent best gowns showed that piteous conservation of poverty more painful almost than squalor.

The men were bent and gray with the unseen but no less tangible burdens of life. Scarcely one there but bore, as poor Abel Edwards had borne, a mortgage among the greatest of them. It was a strange thing that although all of the customary mournful accessories of a funeral were wanting, although no black coffin with its silent occupant stood in their midst, and no hearse waited at the door, yet that mortgage of Abel Edwards's—that burden, like poor Christian's, although not of sins, but misfortune which had doubled him to the dust—seemed still to be present.

The people had the thought of it ever present in their minds. They looked at Ann Edwards and her children, and seemed to see in truth the mortgage bearing down doubly upon them, like a very shadow of death. They looked across at Doctor Seth Prescott furtively, as if he might perchance read their thoughts, and wondered if he would foreclose.

Doctor Prescott, in his broadcloth surtout, with his black satin stock muffling richly his stately neck, sat in the room with the mourners, directly opposite the Edwards family. His wife was beside him. She was a handsome woman, taller and larger than her husband, with a face of gentlest serenity set in shining bands of auburn hair. Mrs. Doctor Prescott looked like an empress among the other women, with her purple velvet pelisse sweeping around her in massive folds, and her purple velvet bonnet with a long ostrich plume curling over the side—the purple being considered a sort of complimentary half-mourning. Squire Eben Merritt's wife, Abigail, could not approach her, although she was finely dressed enough in black satin, and a grand cashmere shawl from over seas. Mrs. Eben Merritt was a small and plain-visaged little woman; people had always wondered why Squire Eben Merritt had married her. Eben Merritt had not come to the funeral. It was afterwards reported that he had gone fishing instead, and people were scandalized, and indignantly triumphant, because it was what they had expected of him. Little Lucina had come with her mother, and sat in the high chair where they had placed her, with her little morocco-shod feet dangling, her little hands crossed in her lap, and her blue eyes looking out soberly and anxiously from her best silk hood. Once in a while she glanced timidly at Jerome, and reflected how he had given her sassafras, and how he hadn't any father.

When the singing began, the tears came into her eyes and her lip quivered, but she tried not to cry, although there were smothered sobs all around her. There was that about the sweet melancholy drone of the funeral hymn which stirred something more than sympathy in the hearts of the listeners. Imagination of like bereavements for themselves awoke within them, and they wept for their own sorrows in advance.

The minister offered a prayer, in which he made mention of all the members of poor Abel's family, and even distant relatives. In fact, Paulina Maria had furnished him with a list, which he had studied furtively during the singing. "Don't forget any of 'em, or they won't like it," she had charged. So the minister, Solomon Wells, bespoke the comfort and support of the Lord in this affliction for all the second and third cousins upon his list, who bowed their heads with a sort of mournful importance as they listened.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

Solomon Wells was an elderly man, tall, and bending limberly under his age like an old willow, his spare long body in nicely kept broadcloth sitting and rising with wide flaps of black coat tails, his eyes peering forth mildly through his spectacles. He was a widower of long standing. His daughter Eliza, who kept his house, sat beside him. She resembled her father closely, and herself looked like an old person anywhere but beside him. There the juvenility of comparison was hers.

Solomon Wells, during the singing before he offered prayer, had cast sundry perplexed glances at a group of strangers on his right, and then at his list. He was quite sure that they were not mentioned thereon. Once he looked perplexedly at Paulina Maria, but she was singing hard, in a true strong voice, and did not heed him. The strangers sat behind her. There was a large man, lumbering and uncomfortable in his best clothes, a small woman, and three little girls, all dressed in blue delaine gowns and black silk mantillas and blue bonnets.

The minister had a strong conviction that these people should be mentioned in his prayer. He gave his daughter Eliza a little nudge, and looked inquiringly at them and at her, but she shook her head slightly—she did not know who they were. Her father had to content himself with vaguely alluding in his petition to all other relatives of this afflicted family.

During the eulogy upon the departed, which followed, he made also casual mention of the respect in which he was held by strangers as well as by his own towns-people. The minister gave poor Abel a very good character. He spoke at length of his honesty, industry, and sobriety. He touched lightly upon the unusual sadness of the circumstances of his death. He expressed no doubt; he gave no hints of any dark tragedy. "Don't speak as if you thought he killed himself; if you do, it 'll make her about crazy," Paulina Maria had charged him. Ann, listening jealously to every word, could take no exception to one. Solomon Wells was very mindful of the feelings of others. He seemed at times to move with a sidewise motion of his very spirit to avoid hurting theirs.

After speaking at length, dwelling upon Abel Edwards's simple virtues, fairly dinning them like sweet notes into the memories of his neighbors, Solomon Wells, with a sweep of his black coat skirts around him, sat down. Then there was a solemn and somewhat awkward pause. The people looked at each other; they did not know what to do next. All the customary routine of a funeral was disturbed. The next step in the regular order of funeral exercises was to pass decorously around a coffin, pause a minute, bend over it with a long last look at the white face therein; the next, to move out of the room and take places in the funeral procession. Now that was out of the question; they were puzzled as to further proceedings.

Doctor Seth Prescott made the first move. He arose, and his wife after him with a soft rustle of her silken skirts. They both went up to Ann Edwards, shook hands, and went out of the room. After them Mrs. Squire Merritt, with Lucina in hand, did likewise; then everybody else, except the relatives and the minister and his daughter.

After the decorous exit of the others, the relatives sat stiffly around the room and waited. They knew there was to be a funeral supper, for the fragrance of sweet cake and tea was strong over all the house. There had been some little doubt concerning it among the out-of-town relatives: some had opined that there would be none, on account of the other irregularities of the exercises; some had opined that the usual supper would be provided. The latter now sniffed and nodded triumphantly at the others—particularly Amelia Stokes's childish old mother. She, half hidden in the frills of a great mourning-bonnet and the folds of a great black shawl, kept repeating, in a sharp little gabble, like a child's: "I smell the tea, 'Melia—I do, I smell it. Yes, I do—I told ye so. I tell ye, I smell the tea."

Poor Amelia Stokes, who was a pretty, gentle-faced spinster, could not hush her mother, whisper as pleadingly as she might into the sharp old ear in the bonnet-frills. The old woman was full of the desire for tea, and could scarcely be restrained from following up its fragrant scent at once.

The two Lawson sisters sat side by side, their sharp faces under their black bonnets full of veiled alertness. Nothing escaped them; they even suspected the truth about Ann's bonnet and gloves. Ann still sat with her gloved hands crossed in her lap and her black veil over her strained little face. She did not move a muscle; but in the midst of all her restrained grief the sight of the large man, the woman and the three girls in the blue thibets, the black silk mantillas, and the blue bonnets filled her with a practical dismay. They were the relatives from Westbrook, who had not been bidden to the funeral. They must have gotten word in some irregular manner, and the woman held her blue-bonneted head with a cant of war, which Ann knew well of old.

For a little while there was silence, except for Paulina Maria's heavy tramp and the soft shuffle of Belinda Lamb's cloth shoes out in the kitchen. They were hurrying to get the supper in readiness. Another appetizing odor was now stealing over the house, the odor of baking cream-of-tartar biscuits.

Suddenly, with one accord, as if actuated by one mental impulse, the little woman, the large man, and the three girls arose and advanced upon Ann Edwards. She grasped the arm of her chair hard, as if bracing herself to meet a shock.

The little woman spoke. Her eyes seemed full of black sparks, her voice shook, red spots flamed out in her cheeks. "We'll bid you good-by now, Cousin Ann," said she.

"Ain't you going to stay and have some supper?" asked Ann. Her manner was at once defiant and conciliatory.

Then the little woman made her speech. All the way from her distant village, in the rear gloom of the covered wagon, she had been composing it. She delivered it with an assumption of calm dignity, in spite of her angry red cheeks and her shaking voice. "Cousin Ann," said the little woman, "me and mine go nowhere where we are not invited. We came to the funeral—though you didn't see fit to even tell us when it was, and we only heard of it by accident from the butcher—out of respect to poor Abel. He was my own second cousin, and our folks used to visit back and forth a good deal before he was married. I felt as if I must come to his funeral, whether I was wanted or not, because I know if he'd been alive he'd said to come; but staying to supper is another thing. I am sorry for you, Cousin Ann; we are all sorry for you in your affliction. We all hope it may be sanctified to you; but I don't feel, and 'Lisha and the girls don't feel, as if we could stay and eat victuals in a house where we've been shown very plainly we ain't wanted."

Then Ann spoke, and her voice was unexpectedly loud. "You haven't any call to think you wasn't all welcome," said she. "You live ten miles off, and I hadn't a soul to send but Jerome, with a horse that can't get out of a walk. I didn't know myself there'd be a funeral for certain till yesterday. There wasn't time to send for you. I thought of it, but I knew there wouldn't be time to get word to you in season for you to start. You might, as long as you're a professing Christian, Eloise Green, have a little mercy in a time like this." Ann's voice quavered a little, but she set her mouth harder.

The large man nudged his wife and whispered something. He drew the back of his rough hand across his eyes. The three little blue-clad girls stood toeing in, dangling their cotton-gloved hands.

"I thought you might have sent word by the butcher," said the little woman. Her manner was softer, but she wanted to cover her defeat well.

"I couldn't think of butchers and all the wherewithals," said Ann, with stern dignity. "I didn't think Abel's relations would lay it up against me if I didn't."

The large man's face worked; tears rolled down his great cheeks. He pulled out a red handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"You'd ought to had a white handkerchief, father," whispered the little woman; then she turned to Ann. "I'm sure I don't want to lay up anything," said she.

"I don't think you have any call to," responded Ann. "I haven't anything more to say. If you feel like staying to supper I shall be glad to have you, but I don't feel as if I had strength to urge anybody."

The large man sobbed audibly in his red handkerchief. His wife cast an impatient glance at him. "Well, if that is the way it was, of course we shall all be happy to stay and have a cup of tea," said she. "We've got a long ride before us, and I don't feel quite as well as common this spring. Of course I didn't understand how it happened, and I felt kind of hurt; it was only natural. I see how it was, now. 'Lisha, hadn't you better slip out and see how the horse is standing?" The little woman thrust her own white handkerchief into her husband's hand as he started. "You put that red one under the wagon seat," she whispered loud in his ear. Then she and the little girls in blue returned to their chairs. The rest of the company had been listening with furtive attention. Jerome had been trembling with indignation at his mother's side. He looked at the large man, and wondered impatiently why he did not shake that small woman, since he was able. There was as yet no leniency on the score of sex in the boy. He would have well liked to fly at that little wrathful body who was attacking his mother, and also blaming him for not riding those ten miles to notify her of the funeral. He scowled hard at her and the three little girls after they had returned to their seats. One of the girls, a pretty child with red curls, caught his frown, and stared at him with scared but fascinated blue eyes.

Supper was announced shortly. Belinda Lamb, instigated by Paulina Maria, stood in the door and said, with melancholy formality, "Will you come out now and have a little refreshment before you go home?"

Ann did not stir. The others went out longingly, holding back for politeness' sake; she sat still with her black veil over her face and her black gloved hands crossed in her lap. Paulina Maria came to her and tried to induce her to remove her bonnet and have some tea with the rest, but she shook her head. "I want to just sit here and keep still till they're gone," said she.

She sat there. Some of the others came and added their persuasions to Paulina Maria's, but she was firm. Jerome remained beside his mother; Elmira had been bidden to go into the other room and help wait upon the company.

"There's room for Jerome at the table, if you ain't coming," said Paulina Maria to Ann; but Jerome answered for himself.

"I'll wait till that crowd are gone," said he, with a fierce gesture.

"You wouldn't speak that way if you were my boy," said Paulina Maria.

Jerome muttered under his breath that he wasn't her boy. Paulina Maria cast a stern glance at him as she went out.

"Don't you be saucy, Jerome Edwards," Ann said, in a sharp whisper through her black veil. "She's done a good deal for us."

"I'd like to kill the whole lot!" said the boy, clinching his little fist.

"Hold your tongue! You're a wicked, ungrateful boy!" said his mother; but all the time she had a curious sympathy with him. Poor Ann was seized with a strange unreasoning rancor against all that decorously feeding company in the other room. There are despairing moments, when the happy seem natural enemies of the miserable, and Ann was passing through them. As she sat there in her gloomy isolation of widowhood, her black veil and her dark thoughts coloring her whole outlook on life, she felt a sudden fury of blindness against all who could see. Had she been younger, she would have given vent to her emotion like Jerome. Her son seemed the very expression of her own soul, although she rebuked him.

The people were a long time at supper. The funeral cake was sweet to their tongues, and the tea pleasantly exhilarating. When they came at last to bid farewell to Ann there was in their faces a pleasant unctuousness which they could not wholly veil with sympathetic sorrow. The childish old lady was openly hilarious. "That was the best cup o' tea I ever drinked," she whispered loud in Ann's ear. Jerome gave a scowl of utter contempt at her. When they were all gone, and the last covered wagon had rolled out of the yard, Ann allowed Paulina Maria to divest her of her bonnet and gloves and bring her a cup of tea. Jerome and Elmira ate their supper at one end of the disordered table; then they both worked hard, under the orders of Paulina Maria, to set the house in order. It was quite late that night before Jerome was at liberty to creep off to his own bed up in the slanting back chamber. Paulina Maria and Belinda Lamb had gone home, and the bereaved family were all alone in the house. Jerome's boyish heart ached hard, but he was worn out physically, and he soon fell asleep.

About midnight he awoke with a startling sound in his ears. He sat up in bed and listened, straining ears and eyes in the darkness. Out of the night gloom and stillness below came his mother's voice, raised loud and hoarse in half-accusatory prayer, not caring who heard, save the Lord.

"What hast Thou done, O Lord?" demanded this daring and pitiful voice. "Why hast Thou taken away from me the husband of my youth? What have I done to deserve it? Haven't I borne patiently the yoke Thou laidst upon me before? Why didst Thou try so hard one already broken on the wheel of Thy wrath? Why didst Thou drive a good man to destruction? O Lord, give me back my husband, if Thou art the Lord! If Thou art indeed the Almighty, prove it unto me by working this miracle which I ask of Thee. Give me back Abel! give him back!"

Ann's voice arose with a shriek; then there was silence for a little space. Presently she spoke again, but no longer in prayer—only in bitter helpless lament. She used no longer the formal style of address to a Divine Sovereign; she dropped into her own common vernacular of pain.

"It ain't any use! it ain't any use!" she wailed out. "If there is a God, He won't hear me, He won't help me, He won't bring him back. He only does His own will forever. Oh, Abel, Abel, Abel! Oh, my husband! Where are you? where are you? Where is the head that I've held on my breast? Where are the lips I have kissed? I couldn't even see him laid safe in his grave—not even that comfort! Oh, Abel, Abel, my husband, my husband, my own flesh and my own soul, torn away from me, and I left to draw the breath of life! Abel, Abel, come back, come back, come back!"

Ann Edwards's voice broke into inarticulate sobs and moans; then she did not speak audibly again. Jerome lay back in his bed, cold and trembling. Elmira, in the next chamber, was sound asleep, but he slept no more that night. A revelation of the love and sorrow of this world had come to him through his mother's voice. He was shamed and awed and overwhelmed by this glimpse of the nakedness of nature and that mighty current which swept him on with all mankind. The taste of knowledge was all at once upon the boy's soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

IX.—THE DECORATIONS OF MR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

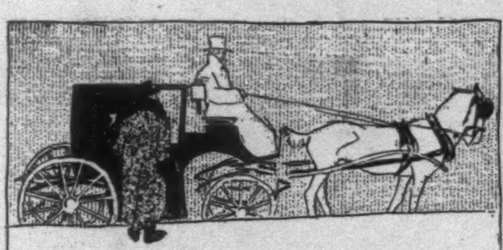
THE completion of these paintings has been awaited with special curiosity. Mr. Alexander's work as a portrait-painter has been characterized by originality and a strong decorative tendency, and every one who has followed the rapid development of his art has wondered what he would do with the walls of that chamber in the Congressional Library which was assigned to him for a pictorial celebration of "The Evolution of a Book." Now that the six lunettes are in place, it is a pleasure to find that they illustrate a wise chastening of the painter's sheer technical fluency—a fluency which had threatened to become reckless and excessive—and a ready adaptation of his taste to the exigencies of mural decoration. Hitherto his large canvases, representative chiefly of one graceful figure, whose robe Mr. Alexander was fond of painting in great broad swirling folds, have been at once brilliant and specious. It has been impossible not to admire them, and at times admiration would border on a conviction that the painter's mastery was little short of being one of the best possessions of contemporary art. But then came in the troublous hint of a facility that was too facile, and while one of the pictures would prove a source of deep delight, another would not wear well at all. In his decorations at Washington Mr. Alexander promises to wear well in the fullest sense of the term. There is much more than facility in them. There are solid merits of conception and style.

To begin with, Mr. Alexander has covered a tremendous space of time in his panorama without ever becoming involved or too erudite. There is an almost bald simplicity about his scheme, which begins with the primitive men who left a record of their migrations in mere heaps of stones, and ends with Gutenberg reading his first proof; yet the pictorial narrative flows on in the most lucid stages, and the history of book-making is disclosed at once comprehensively and with conciseness. Note the few elements of the first lunette, in which the brawny beginners of civilization heap up the unwritten memorial of their encampment by the sea-shore, and pass on around the vast cliff at whose base they have lived, to find other hunting-grounds beyond the low-lying landscape on the left. The gray tones of the foreground melt into silvery sea and sky, with the distant hills providing just the one accent of darker color that is needed. Oral tradition, symbolized in the next lunette, is shown in the making of an Oriental story-teller standing erect within a circle of recumbent listeners. The tawny robes of the dark-skinned figures are bathed in a quiet light, Mr. Alexander having endeavored throughout his scheme to adhere to a delicate minor key. Here again, too, he shows his tact in building up a composition with the faces occupying subordinate positions. To have fixed attention on the central physiognomy in this, for example, would have been to break the unity of the design. Now the parted lips show suggestively in the profile, and with the animated attitude and outstretched hand all that is necessary to proclaim the idea of the decoration is succinctly given. The third lunette, with its gray Egyptian background touched here and there with bright sunlight, carries the story on to the epoch of hieroglyphics, graven pictures, and a language permanently set forth. Its successor represents the use of skins as sheets for the preservation of graphic and written records. Then come the mediæval artists in illumination, and from the placid cell in which their beautiful labors of love were accomplished we turn to Gutenberg and the line which divides ancient from modern times.

In each design Mr. Alexander has kept rigidly to his text. There are few accessories in his work. He has preferred a forcible, direct plan of description, and while the presence of movable stones in this Egyptian lunette, with the vessels in the river hinting at the carrying of incised stones all over the East, shows a desire on the artist's part to be as eloquent as possible, he has wisely used most that eloquence which is brief. The American panel is an admirable proof of this. The two nude Indians are presented with nothing but the landscape to speak of their usual environment. Their racial character is clearly enough expressed in their color and form; more than this would be superfluous. The customary paraphernalia of the aboriginal in art—his feathers and weapons and wigwams and all the rest—are the last things in the world upon which it would have been discreet to fasten the eye in decorations like the present. In the Italian monastery, too, Mr. Alexander has avoided all the temptations that lurk in furniture and costume. His room and his types, in this instance, are as simple as the scene and figures of his first design. The concluding lunette gives the last touch to his discriminating and balanced art. Never has he revealed better taste; never has he shown a nicer sense of poise. The figures all along the walls are perfectly grouped, each composition displaying a ready ingenuity in the placing of forms upon surfaces arbitrary in outline. There is nothing casual, nothing ill-arranged. Animated though the sequence is, it is true to its decorative boundaries; it is as tactful as it is spontaneous.

This performance should go far to remove whatever may linger of dissatisfaction with Mr. Alexander's work. It is evident now that if he has been occasionally superficial in his portraits, exercising his skill as a brushman at the expense of his imaginative and emotional qualities, he is certainly capable of more serious things when he chooses to attack them. There is no superficiality in his Washington decorations. They are virile, authoritative paintings, and their charm is likely to increase with time. They leave their author established once for all as one of the best of American mural painters.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.



LIFE & LETTERS

HE had often heard of it. Connoisseurs of such matters, young newspaper men trying to make literature out of life and smuggle it into print under the guard of unwary editors, and young authors eager to get life into their literature, had recommended it to him as one of the most impressive sights of the city; and he had willingly agreed with them that he ought to see it. He imagined it very dramatic, and he was surprised to find it in his experience so largely subjective. If there was any drama at all it was wholly in his own consciousness. But it was certainly impressive in its way.

I.

He thought it a great piece of luck that he should come upon it by chance, and so long after he had forgotten about it that he was surprised to recognize it for the spectacle he had often promised himself the pleasure of seeing.

Pleasure is the right word; for pleasure of the painful sort that all hedonists will easily imagine was what he expected to get from it; though upon the face of it there seems no reason why a man should delight to see his fellow-men waiting in the winter street for the midnight dole of bread which must in some cases be their only meal from the last midnight to the next midnight. But the mere thought of it gave him pleasure, and the sight of it, from the very first instant. He was proud of knowing just what it was at once, with the sort of pride which one has in knowing an earthquake, though one has never felt one before. He saw the double file of men stretching up one street, and stretching down the other from the corner of the bakery where the loaves were to be given out on the stroke of twelve, and he hugged himself in a luxurious content with his perspicacity.

It was all the more comfortable to do this because he was in a coupé, warmly shut against the good sharp Christmas-week weather, and was wrapt to the chin in a long fur overcoat, which he wore that night as a duty to his family, with a conscience against taking cold and alarming them for his health. He now practised another piece of self-denial: he let the cabman drive rapidly past the interesting spectacle, and carry him to the house where he was going to fetch away the child from the Christmas party. He wished to be in good time, so as to save the child from anxiety about his coming; but he promised himself to stop, going back, and glut his sensibility in a leisurely study of the scene. He got the child, with her arms full of things from the Christmas tree, into the coupé, and then he said to the cabman, respectfully leaning as far over from his box to listen as his thick great-coat would let him: "When you get up there near that bakery again, drive slowly. I want to have a look at those men."

"All right, sir," said the driver intelligently, and he found his way skilfully out of the street among the high banks of the seasonable Christmas-week snow, which the street-cleaners had heaped up there till they could get round to it with their carts.

When they were in Broadway again it seemed lonelier and silenter than it was a few minutes before. Except for their own coupé, the cable-cars, with their flaming foreheads, and the mechanical clangor of their gongs at the corners, seemed to have it altogether to themselves. A tall lumbering United States Mail van rolled by, and impressed my friend in the coupé with a cheap and agreeable sense of mystery relative to the letters it was carrying to their varied destination at the Grand Central station. He listened with half an ear to the child's account of the fun she had at the party, and he watched with both eyes for the sight of the men waiting at the bakery for the charity of the midnight loaves.

He played with a fear that they might all have vanished, and with an apprehension that the cabman might forget and whirl him rapidly by the place where he had left them. But the driver remembered, and checked his horses in good time; and there were the men still, but in even greater number than before, stretching farther up Broadway and farther out along the side street. They stood slouched in dim and solemn phalanx under the night sky, so seasonably clear and frostily atwinkle with Christmas-week stars; two by two they stood, slouched close together, perhaps for their mutual warmth, perhaps in an unconscious effort to get near the door where the loaves were to be given out, in time to share in them before they were all gone.

II.

My friend's heart beat with glad anticipation. He was really to see this important, this representative thing to the greatest possible advantage. He rapidly explained to his companion that the giver of the midnight loaves got rid of what was left of his daily bread in that way: the next day it could not be sold, and he preferred to give it away to those who needed it, rather than try to find his account in it otherwise. She understood, and he tried to think that sometimes coffee was given with the bread, but he could not make sure of this, though he would have liked very much to have it done; it would have been much more dramatic. Afterwards he learned that it was done, and he was proud of having fancied it.

He decided that when he came alongside of the Broadway file he would get out, and go to the side door of the bakery and watch the men receiving the bread. Perhaps he would find courage to speak to them, and ask them about themselves. At the time it did not strike him that it would be indecent.

A great many things about them were open to reasonable conjecture. It was not probable that they were any of them there for their health, as the saying is. They were all there because they were hungry, or else they were there in behalf of some one else who was hungry. But it was always possible that some of them were impostors, and he wondered if any test was applied to them that would prove them deserving or undeserving. If one were poor, one ought to be deserving; if one were rich, it did not so much matter.

It seemed to him very likely that if he asked these men questions they would tell him lies. A fantastic association of their double files and those of the galley-slaves whom Don Quixote released, with the tonguey Gines de Passamonte at their head, came into his mind. He smiled, and then he thought how these men were really a sort of slaves and convicts—slaves to want and self-convicted of poverty. All at once he fancied them actually manacled there together, two by two, a coffle of captives taken in some cruel foray, and driven to a market where no man wanted to buy. He thought how old their slavery was; and he wondered if it would ever be abolished, as other slaveries had been. Would the world ever outlive it? Would some New-Year's day come when some President would proclaim, amid some dire struggle, that their slavery was to be no more? That would be fine.

III.

He noticed how still the most of them were. A few of them stepped a little out of the line, and stamped to shake off the cold; but all the rest remained motionless, shrinking into themselves, and closer together. They might have been their own dismal ghosts, they were so still, with no more need of defence from the cold than the dead have.

He observed now that not one among them had a fur overcoat on; and at a second glance he saw that there was not an overcoat of any kind among them. He made his reflection that if any of them were impostors, and not true men, with real hunger, and if they were alive, to feel that stiff, wholesome, Christmas-week cold, they were justly punished for their deceit.

He was interested by the celerity, the simultaneity of his impressions, his reflections. It occurred to him that his abnormal alertness must be something like that of a drowning person, or a person in mortal peril, and being perfectly safe and well, he was obscurely flattered by the fact.

To test his condition farther he took note of the fine mass of the great dry-goods store on the hither corner, blocking itself out of the blue-black night, and of the gothic beauty of the church beyond, so near that the coffle of captives might have issued from its sculptured portal, after vain prayer.

Fragments of conjecture, of speculation, drifted through his mind. How early did these files begin to form themselves for the midnight dole of bread? As early as ten, as nine o'clock? If so, did the fact argue habitual destitution, or merely habitual leisure? Did the slaves in the coffle make acquaintance, or remain strangers to one another, though they were closely neighbored night after night by their misery? Perhaps they joked away the weary hours of waiting; they must have their jokes. Which of them were old-comers, and which novices? Did they ever quarrel over questions of precedence? Had they some comity, some etiquette, which a man forced to leave his place could appeal to, and so get it back? Could one say to his next-hand man, "Will you please keep my place?" and would this man say to an interloper, "Excuse me, this place is engaged"? How was it with them, when the coffle worked slowly or swiftly past the door where the bread and coffee were given out, and word passed to the rear that the supply was exhausted? This must sometimes happen, and what did they do then?

IV.

My friend did not quite like to think. Vague, reproachful thoughts for all the remote and immediate luxury of his life passed through his mind. If he reformed that and gave the saving to hunger and cold? But what was the use? There was so much hunger, so much cold, that it could not go round.

The cabman was obeying his orders too faithfully. He was not only walking by the Broadway coffle, he was creeping by. His action caught the notice of the slaves, and as the coupé passed them they all turned and faced it, like soldiers under review making ready to salute a superior. They were perfectly silent, perfectly respectful, but their eyes seemed to pierce the coupé through and through.

My friend was suddenly aware of a certain quality of representivity: he stood to these men for all the ease and safety that they could never, never hope to know. He was Society: Society that was to be preserved because it embodies Civilization. He wondered if they hated him in his capacity of Better Classes. He no longer thought of getting out and watching their behavior as they took their bread and coffee. He would have liked to excuse that thought, and protest that he was ashamed of it; that he was their friend, and wished them well—as well as might be without the sacrifice of his own advantages or superfluities, which he could have persuaded them would be perfectly useless. He put his hand on that of his companion trembling on his arm with sympathy, or at least with intelligence.

"You mustn't mind. What we are and what we do is all right. It's what they are and what they suffer that's all wrong."

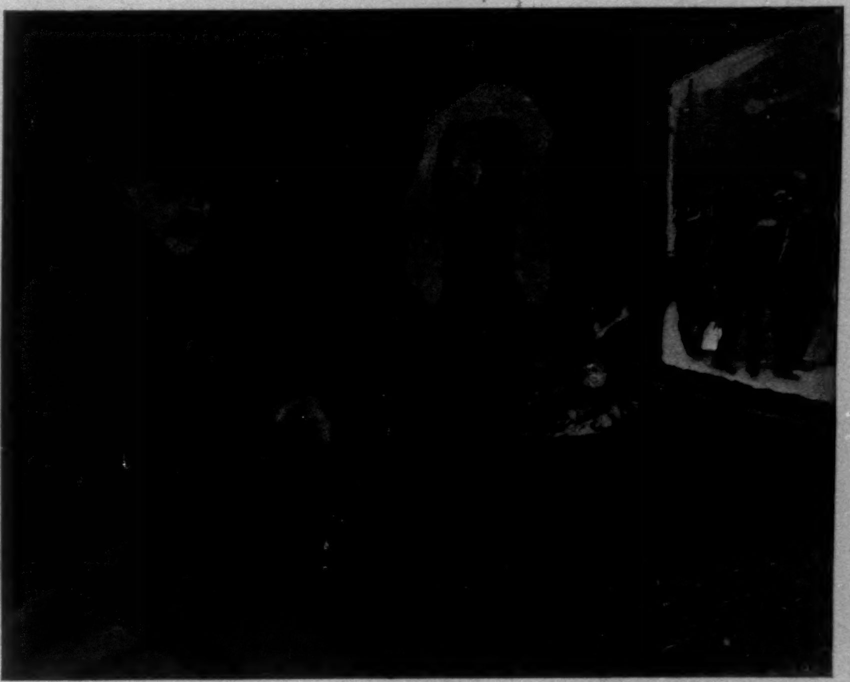
V.

"Does that view of the situation still satisfy you?" I asked, when he had told me of this singular experience; I liked his apparently not coloring it at all.

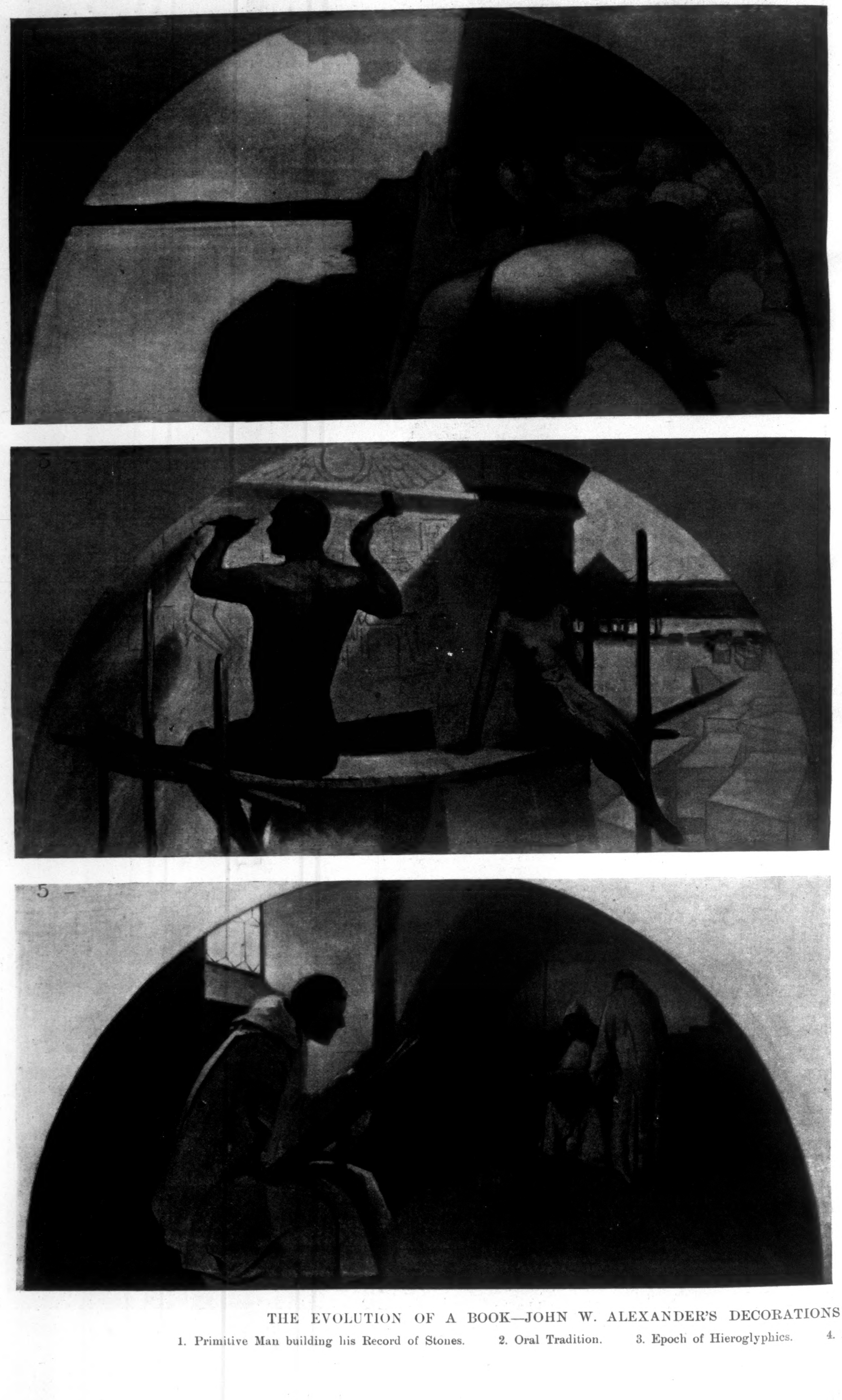
"I don't know," he answered. "It seems to be the only way out."

"Well, it's an easy way," I admitted, "and it's an idea that ought to gratify them."

W. D. HOWELLS.

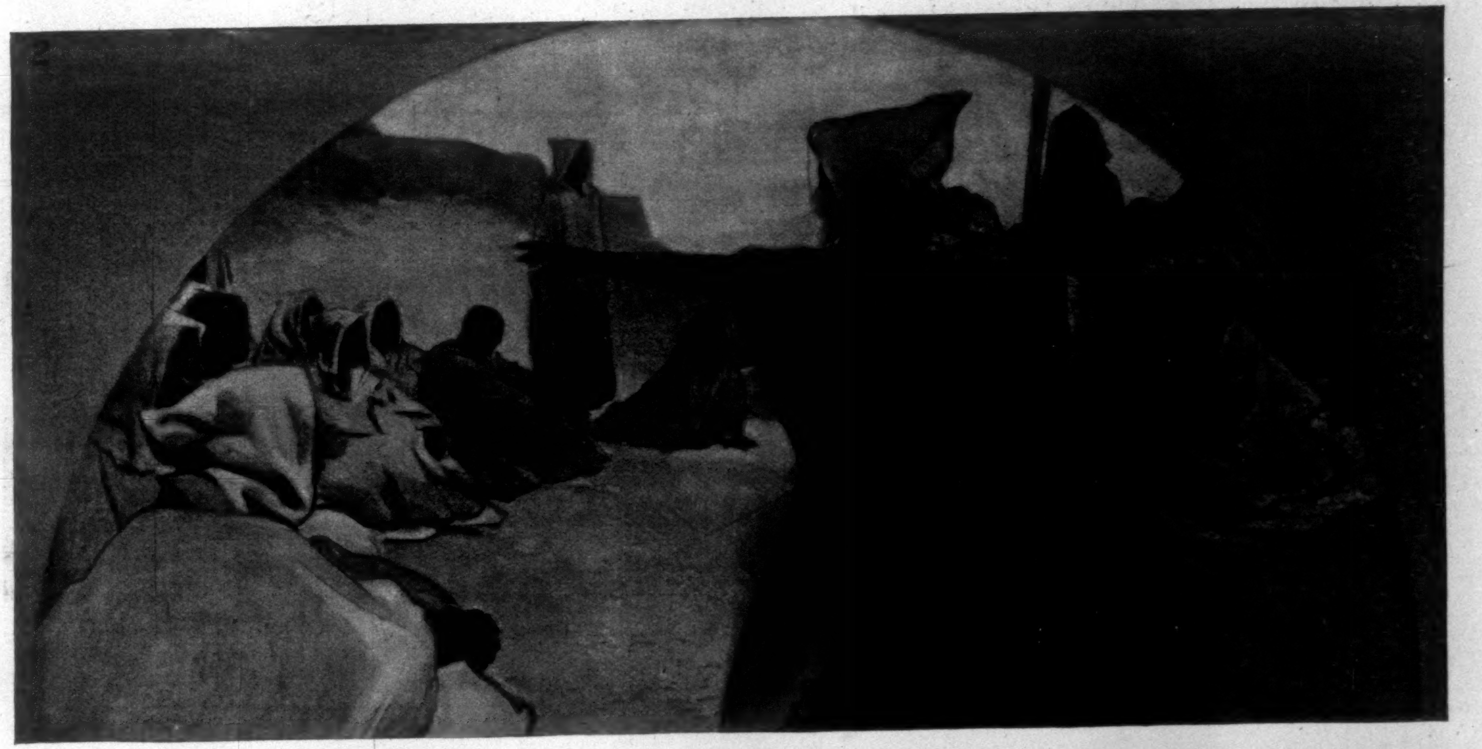


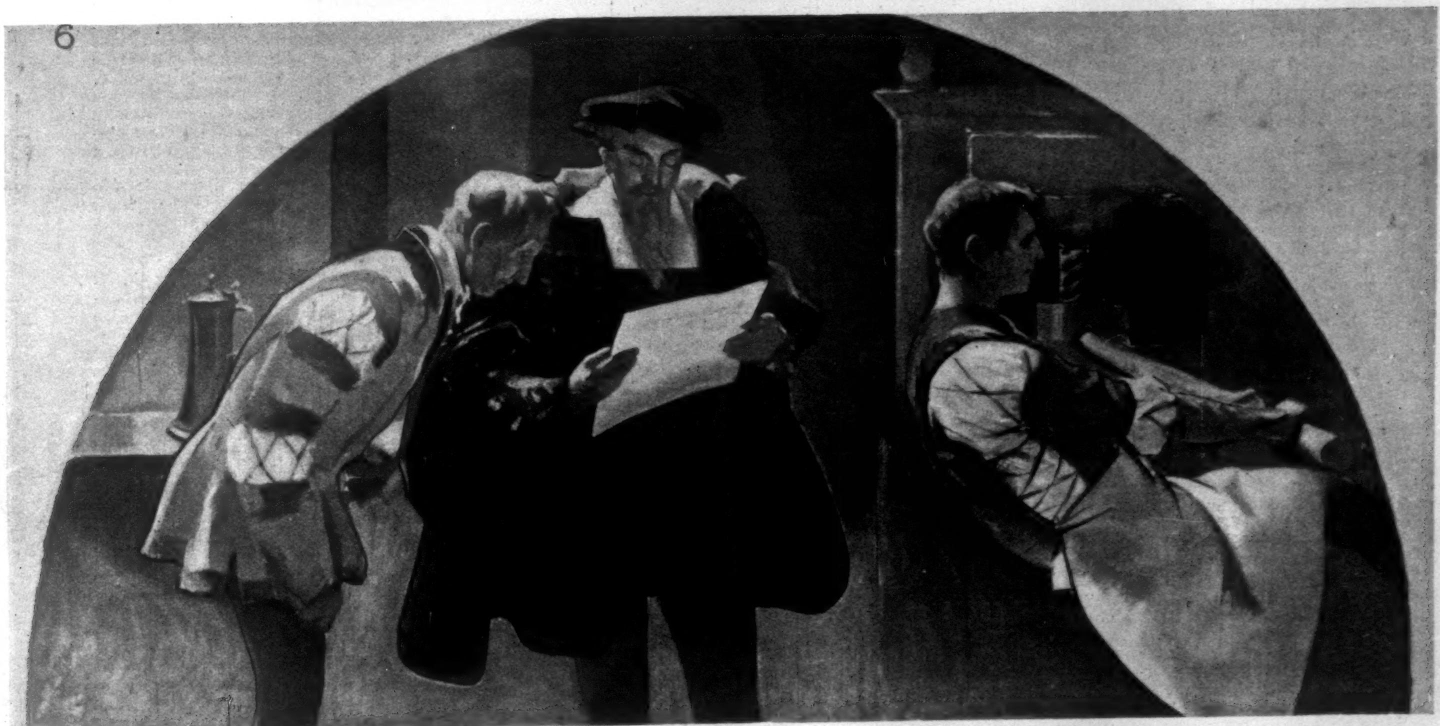
"AS THE COUPÉ PASSED THEM THEY ALL TURNED AND FACED IT."



THE EVOLUTION OF A BOOK—JOHN W. ALEXANDER'S DECORATIONS

1. Primitive Man building his Record of Stones. 2. Oral Tradition. 3. Epoch of Hieroglyphics. 4. A





ONS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[SEE PAGE 82.]

4. An Early American Author. 5. The Monastic Scribes of the Middle Ages. 6. Gutenberg reading his First Proof.

ONE NIGHT ON THE "Q."

A Tale of the Road.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

If there is any one thing that the hobo prizes more than another it is his privilege to ride on the railways free of charge. He is as proud of it as the American is of his country, and brags about it from morning till night. Even the Blanket Stiff in the far West, who almost never sees the inside of a railway car, will wax patriotic when on this subject. And well he may, for no other country in the world provides such means of travel for its vagabonds. From Maine to Frisco the railways are at the tramp's disposal, if he knows how to use them, and seldom does he take to the turnpike from any necessity.

There are, however, some difficulties and trials even in his railway life. When he rides "a passenger," for instance, either on top or between the wheels, he encounters numerous dangers and hardships, and it takes months ere he knows how to meet them heroically. Even on freight trains all is not so easy as some people think. A man must train for such work, just as a pugilist trains for a fight, and it is only when he is a real artist that he can enjoy it. The main difficulty in riding freight trains is the brakeman. No matter where the hobo goes, he runs the risk of meeting this ubiquitous official. If he is on the "bumpers" the brakeman is usually guying him from the top of a car, and if he goes "inside," the brakeman goes in too. And even at night the "brakey" and his free passenger are continually running up against each other. Sometimes they become fast friends. The tramp will help put on brakes, and the brakeman will conceal the tramp. But there are other times when things are different. The brakeman tries to ditch the tramp, and the latter tries to "beat" the brakeman. On such occasions something happens. Usually the brakeman "gets left." The hobo is too clever, and beats him at his own game. But now and then even the hobo falls into a trap. Of course he gets out sooner or later, but while in it he is an interesting study. When free again, he usually tells his cronies all about it, and they pity or applaud him, as the case may be. But once in a long while the trap he falls into turns out such a joke that he says nothing about it, out of respect for the profession. He hates to be laughed at just as much as other people, and no matter how good the joke is, he keeps it to himself if it will tell against him.

I happen to know of just such a joke. It has been kept quiet now for about nine years, but I think that it can do no harm to tell it, since I was a part sufferer.

One June night of 1888 I chanced to be in the town of Galesburg, Illinois, situated on the C., B., and Q. Railway. I was with a hobo called Elmira Fatty, and we were on our way to "Chi," or Chicago, as polite people call it. We had just come in from the West, where we had spent some time with the Blanket Stiffs, and as far as Galesburg we had had no misfortune or bad luck to report. In fact, from Salt Lake City on everything had gone just as we had hoped, and we were praying that night that nothing might interfere to prevent us from arriving in "Chi" the next morning. We expected to travel on a freight train that was due in Galesburg about nine o'clock. It was a mean night for travelling, for the rain came down in torrents and the wind blew most exasperatingly. Nevertheless, we wanted to pull through if practicable, and about half past eight went over to the railway yards to wait for the "freight." It came in on time, and Fatty and I immediately took different sections of it in search of an "empty." He looked over the forward part, and I inspected the cars near the caboose. We met again in a few minutes, and reported that "there wasn't an empty in the whole line."

"W'y," said Fatty, "it's nothin' but a —— ole steer train! Ev'ry blasted car is full of 'em."

I suggested that we wait for another, but he would not listen to me.

"No, sir. If we break our necks, we'll ride that train."

"But where are you going to ride?" I queried.

"On top, o' course."

I knew that it was useless to argue with him, and followed him up the ladder. We sat down on the top of a car, with the rain simply pouring down upon us. Pretty soon the whistle tooted and the train started. As we pulled out of the yards the brakeman came over the train, and espied me instantly.

"Hello, Shorty!" he said, in a jovial way. "Where you goin'?"

"Oh, just up the road a bit. No objections, have you?"

"No, I guess I 'ain't got no objections. But say, you lads are big fools."

"Here, here!" said Fatty, angrily. "Who you callin' fools?"

"I'm callin' you fools, 'n' y' are, too."

"See here," continued Fatty, "if you call me a fool agen I'll put yer face in—I will, by gosh!" and he stood up to make good his threat.

"Don't get 'uffy; don't get 'uffy," said the "brakey," soothingly. "Lemme tell ye somethin'. See them hay-boxes over there on the corner o' the car?"

"Hay-boxes!" exclaimed Fatty, and he looked at me in surprise.

"Come over 'n' look at 'em."

We followed him to the end of the car, and there, true enough, after he had lifted the lid, was a most comfortable hay-box, nearly full of nice soft hay.

Fatty was almost wild with delight, and patting me on the back, said:

"W'y, Cig, this is a perfect palace-car, ain't it? Gosh!"

The brakeman held his lantern while I got into the box. The opening was not very large, hardly more than a foot wide—plenty large enough for me, it is true, but I was much smaller than Fatty. When he tried to get in there was some trouble. His head and shoulders went through all right, but then he stopped, for his paunch was the broadest part of him, and he complained that "it pinched ter'bly." Exactly what to do was a poser, but finally he scraped up nerve for another effort. He twisted, squeezed, slipped, and grunted, and at last had to beg me to hold his head and steer him, so helpless had his exertions made him. I guided him as best I could, and pretty soon he came "ka-plunk," as he called it, on the hay. The "brakey" closed the lid and left.

Fatty had hardly settled himself before he began to wonder how he would get out in the morning.

"By gosh," he said, "p'r'aps I'll jus' have to stay here, 'n' they'll carry me right over to the stock-yards. Wouldn't I be a great steer, eh?" But I was too tired to speculate, and in a few minutes was asleep. What Fatty did for the next fifty miles I can't say, but in about two hours he cruelly wakened me and asked for a match.

"Why, you're not going to smoke here?" I said.

"Cert," he crisply replied. "Why not?"

"You'll set the place afire, with all this loose hay about."

"Set yer gran'mother afire! Gimme a lucifer."

I told him that I had none, and then he wanted me to get out and ask the "brakey" for one. I didn't want to do it, but I felt sure that he would trouble me all night unless I did, so I consented to go. But, lo and behold! when I tried to lift the lid it wouldn't lift.

"Fatty," I said, "we're ditched."

"Ditched your gran'mother! What's the matter?"

"This lid won't move."

"Lemme get at it."

Fatty weighed two hundred and fifty pounds—"punds," he called them—and he put every one against that lid. It squeaked a little, but still wouldn't lift.

"Fatty," I repeated, "we're ditched."

But he was determined not to give in, and lay on his back to kick the lid. He reasoned that that ought to mean fifty pounds more, and if three hundred "punds" couldn't budge the thing, then something was going to happen. He kicked and kicked. The lid squeaked a good deal, but was as stubborn as ever. Then you should have heard Fatty scold. He scolded everybody, from the president of the road down to the humblest switchman, and then, as if he had not done enough, said:

"By gosh, Cig, we'll prosecute 'em! This is simply scandalous! Tramps can't ride this way, and they ought to know it. Yes, sir, we'll prosecute 'em."

Then he began to swear, and never in my life have I heard such maledictions hurled at poor erring railway officials. But pretty soon even cursing tired him, and he tumbled back on the hay exhausted. After he had rested a bit, a new phase of the situation presented itself to him, and he felt around in the box to see how much hay there was between us and the steers.

"There ain't much, Cig," he whined; "—— little. An' here we are locked in! By the hokey-pokey, I'd like to git hold o' that brakey's throat! I'd squeeze it, take my tip for that. An', by gosh, if them steers kill us, he'll croak for it, an' don' cher forget it."

"Steers!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Fatty?"

"W'y, don' cher know them steers is right under us?"

"Well, what of that?"

"W'y, they've got horns—big ones, too."

"Well, what of that, Fatty?"

"W'y, you fool, we 'ain't got any."

"But, Fatty, what does that matter?"

"Matter! Matter! 'Ain' cher got no sense? Don' cher know nothin'? 'Ain' cher never heard o' steers hookin' a bloke before? You must be a tenderfoot."

Then I grasped the situation. We were at the mercy of those Texas steers! Soon I heard Fatty saying, in a most pitiful voice:

"Cig, I guess we'd better say our little prayers right now, 'cause if we get to sleep we'll forget all about it. So you begin, 'n' while yer chewin' the rag I'll watch the hay."

He wanted me to pray, and actually thought that that was the only thing that would save us. He always was a religious fellow in great emergencies, and his scheme did not much surprise me; but, as I knew of no prayer fitted for such an occasion, I told him so, and added that even if I did know one I should prefer to leave it unsaid, considering the circumstances.

"We had no business letting the brakey lock us in here, and you know it, too. So we'll have to git out the best way we can."

This bravery was a little faked, but I thought it best to keep as cool as possible, for Fatty was continually fuming and scolding. And every few minutes he would feel around in the hay, and then say, most forlornly:

"Cig, them pokers is gettin' nearer. Prepare to die."

Once I thought he was joking, and told him to stop if he thought he was scaring me.

"I ain't trying to scare ye," he whined; "I'm simply tellin' ye the truth."

This was certainly alarming, and I almost confessed my fear. But I managed to control myself, and persevered in my artificial boldness.

"Well, Fatty, let's die game, anyhow. If the horns come up here we can kick at them, and perhaps the steers will be frightened. Can't tell, you know."

"No, that won't work," he replied, hopelessly, and he measured the hay once more. This time his hand struck the thin and widely separated slats, the only barriers between us and the steers. We both knew that if the horns ever came through them, we would be done for.

"We're gone, Cig," Fatty continued; "no doubt of it. But, jus' the samey, I'm goin' to pound my ear, anyhow. I'd rather die asleep than awake. So, so long, Cig; if you croak first, I'll pray for you."

Then, much to my surprise and indignation, he curled up into a big ball and "pounded his ear." I remained awake for a while longer, listening to the steers chewing away at the hay. But, in spite of the nearing danger, I became sleepy too, and was soon lying beside Fatty. In the morning, about half past five, we awoke simultaneously. I felt around in the box, and the hay seemed almost gone.

"I wish that I'd died in the night," said Fatty, angrily. "Now I've got to go when I'm awake."

The train began to slow up—perhaps we were to be saved, after all. It came to a full stop, and we could hear footsteps. Some one was walking along the path near the track.

"Shall I holler?" asked Fatty.

"Perhaps it's a policeman," I returned, "and that means thirty days in the Bridewell. Wouldn't you rather die?"

"But p'r'aps 'tain't!" And he called through one of the cracks, "Hobo! Hobo!"

Luckily it was a hobo.

"Come up here," cried Fatty, "'n' unjail us, for hevin's sake. We're locked in the hay-boxes; climb on top 'n' loose the cover."

We heard him quickly obeying the call. He climbed up the ladder, loosened the latch, and seemed to wonder at our eagerness to leave such a nest of comfort. Fatty was helped out immediately, although we were still six miles from "Chi"; but I made him wait while I looked to see just what danger we had escaped. There is so much compensating consolation in a view of perils safely past. There was still a fair amount of hay in the box. I rooted down to the slats for a last look at our tormentors, and there, right before me, stood those awful beasts, wild and fresh from the fields of the Lone-Star State. There were nearly twenty of them, I should say, *but not a single one had a horn!*

Fatty sneaked off to the watering-tank, and I waved adieu to him with my hat from the top of the car. His face wore the grimmest of grins, and his last words were, "If ever you tell this joke at the hang-out, Cig—"

And I never have.

THE TALLEST RAILROAD.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

Side by side with the most remarkable monuments of tribal man, Peru has set antithesis of the last type of achievement by man graduated from the clan to society—the most remarkable railroads in existence. The aggregate length of the sixteen railroads of the republic is less than 1100 miles—not enough for a track from end to end of the coast-line. Ten of these roads, with a total length of 935 miles, were constructed by the government, and have been surrendered to the omnivorous Peruvian Corporation, Limited. All but two (which cover ninety-one miles) are standard gauge. Of the 142 miles of six private lines, only thirty kilometres are narrow gauge. The government telegraph lines aggregate nearly 1700 miles.

In an area so enormous as Peru these figures are not imposing. But the scant array is given dignity by the presence of the tallest two railroads in the world—the Arequipa line, creeping on toward its problematic destination in Cuzco, and the Peruvian Central, now ending in nothing, but to be carried on to navigable waters of the Amazon. The latter is decidedly chief—perhaps the most audacious work conceived and carried out by modern man. In mathematical engineering, the wreaking of a great mind on draughtsman's paper, it has nothing like the St. Gothard Tunnel, whose two halves of the ten-mile spiral heading met to the inch, and killed its creator with the reaction the selfsame day. But with a mental task second only to that of the Alpine wonder, the Peruvian Central was a far greater physical achievement. No other railroad has overcome such obstacles of altitude; no other has anything comparable to its sustentation of a four-per-cent. grade; and no other pierces the tithe of such a mountain chaos. A ride over the Oroya road—as it is popularly called, because of its present terminus—leaves our "scenic lines" to be remembered only in mockery. And the imminent cliffs, the dizzy gorges, do not make the breath hitch more sharply than the mental vertigo at seeing Nature at her savagest and most colossal tamed by her last brat.

I spent a fortnight ransacking this Jacob's ladder of a railroad, by regular train, special engine, precipitate sliding hand-car, and afoot. Instead of growing used to the awe, mind and eye became more confounded daily, till the awe was almost a weight.

The Peruvian Central, Transandine, or Oroya Railroad begins six feet above tide-water at Callao. From Lima, eight miles ahead and 500 feet higher, it winds up the narrowing valley of the Rimac, past great haciendas and forgotten ruins. At Chosica, thirty-three miles from the sea, it has gained but 2800 feet in elevation; but within the yard limits of that station begins the four-per-cent. grade, which is steadily maintained for seventy-three miles. The Rimac's gorge becomes deeper and more contracted, the little bays and benches of cultivable land rarer. At the hamlet of San Bartolomé serious engineering begins. The overhanging hill-side on the right displays the first "V"—the characteristic device so frequently necessary to overcome the headlong valley. The maximum gradient (allowed by contract) of 211 feet to the mile has in many places been stretched, and the actual gradient is sometimes nearer five per cent. But even this was insufficient to meet the exigencies of the quebrada, whose floor often greatly exceeds that slope. The only way to get ahead was to run back a few furlongs or miles at full grade, and then to shoot forward on the upper arm of the zigzag. Some of these "V's" run back and forth like sloping shelves in the high walls of the main gorge; some double and twist far up lateral valleys. Not to confine the matter to single points, where the road has to give five miles to gain one, the total percentage is astonishing. From Callao to Oroya the length of the track is 221½ kilometres; of these, 76½ (one mile in every three) are consumed in overcoming the rise—and this besides the unprecedented maintaining of such a maximum grade.

Four miles above San Bartolomé and its tropic side valley is the great bridge of the Agua de Verrugas, or water of warts. This noble cantilever, built in New Jersey, has a length of 520 feet and a height of 260. The old bridge was, in its day, the highest in existence—and was meant to be. To that end the centre pier was sunk in a twelve-foot pit. This pier was washed out by a cloudburst in 1889, and for a year traffic was maintained by a cage swinging on cables across the gap. The present structure has been left far behind as to height by the bridge* over the river Loa, on the 600-mile Antofagasta line in Chile—the longest of narrow-gauge railroads, and, with its thirty-inch track, the tipsiest. The Agua de Verrugas is not to be laughed down as a superstition. Of the grim reality in these poisonous springs, which fill the unwary drinker with frightful goitres, one may see visible proofs in plenty. The building of the Verrugas bridge cost a terrible mortality, and the cemetery of Bellavista is full of its victims. This strange and frequently fatal "disease of the warts," which haunts many corners of the Cordillera, seems to have relation to certain mineral strata. It is alike unknown, in this part of Peru, below 6000 and above 9000 feet.

A few trivial examples are farther down, but across the quebrada from Verrugas begin the wholesale remains of those astounding aboriginal works specifically known as *andenes*. The Rimac is here about 500 feet below the railroad. Near down to its vexed channel the precipitous farther wall begins to be gouged out in terraces, which climb, one above the other, like minute rounds of a very Jacob's ladder, to the clouds. These piecemeal farms of the ancients are impressive among the monuments of Peru, their bewildering multitude summing an aggregate

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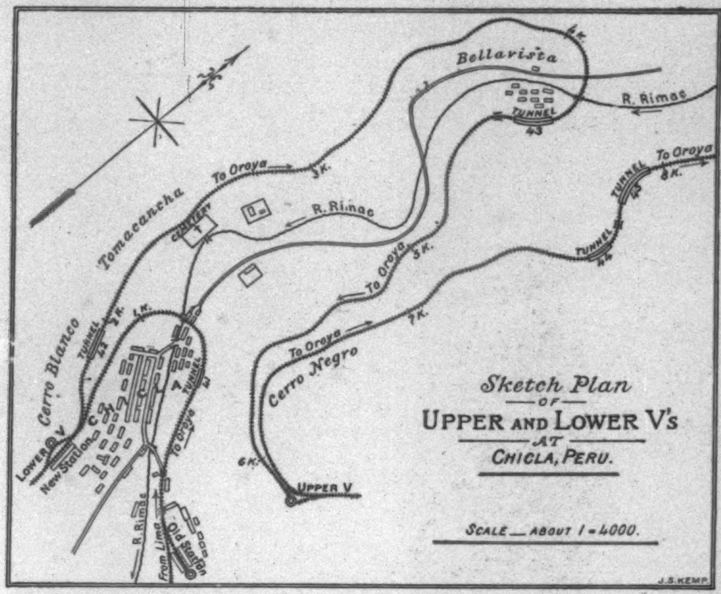
* 342 feet high.



Sketch Plan of UPPER AND LOWER V's at CHICLA, PERU.

SCALE — ABOUT 1 = 4000.

of labor entirely past comprehension. They seem almost to have omitted no foot of cultivable soil. The precipitous mountain-side, from base to crest, is chiselled out in these wee shelves, walled in front, and bending to the general contour, four to six feet high, five to fifty wide, and of great variance in length. Some are 500 feet long, and some not a fiftieth thereof. There are andenes which do not reclaim 100 square feet of soil. At one point I could count 187 successive tiers before distance so minified them that the eye could no longer differentiate the brown wrinkles which scarred the latter half of the acclivity. Hundreds upon hundreds of miles of their stone retaining-walls are in a short section of the quebrada. Some begin on the brow of tall cliffs, and the serrano could step from the lower terrace of his hanging farm to the hungry river in one step of 500 feet.

The first impression—and the one with which the romantic school is always content—is that here was an enormous ancient population, and one is puzzled at seeing nowhere any trace of the towns to which these multitudinous farms pertained. One difference of the new school is that, instead of placidly concluding from the railroad that the population "was evidently once several millions," and that their "cities have doubtless been swallowed up by earthquakes," it climbs the heights and measures every house that ever stood there or below. What one finds at the top of those tremendous scrambles is—the ruins of a miserable little hamlet of miserable little huts. The myriad population dwindles to a few score for the hill-side, a very few thousands for the whole quebrada. The lesson is made still more unmistakable in the sections where Indians to-day cultivate the very farms of prehistoric Indians in the same unexpected proportion. It took, as it still takes, a very liberal assortment of these stepladder gardens to support a dirty, den-herding family of the dwarfish serranos. They dwelt literally in the clouds, and daily clambered down from the sky to set in order rung after rung of their potato patches, and climbed back at eve to huddle in their squalid lairs. There was irrigation in a few places, and the ancient ditches can still be traced; but, as a rule, these people—distinct alike from the Incas of the Andean "pockets" and from the tribes of the desert coast—dwelt only above the rain-line, which on this side of the Cordillera is between 5000 and 6000 feet.

Able theories have been wrought to account for the rainlessness of the Peruvian (and general western) coast, as against the prevailing wetness of the eastern slope of the Andes. The matter is not over-complicated. The moisture-laden clouds from the Atlantic break down now and then under their burden in climbing the 3000-mile imperceptible slope to the Andes, and are constantly recharged by the evaporation of an area so enormous and so saturated as the Amazonian forests. The clouds from the Pacific, on the other hand, no sooner spring from the sea than they are pushed by the winds against a cyclopean wall, after one short step across a few miles of bare sand. The Cordillera taps their surplus moisture at the average level of a heavy cloud—that is, about a mile above the sea. As they are still rolled up against it by the winds, they are gradually wrung dry, lightening as they rise. The western slope of the range, above 6000 feet, is as seldom dry as the Amazonian side.

The Indian terrace-farmers, therefore, had no need to expend labor in ditches, since the sky was watering-pot enough. So far from having to contend with the difficulties of arid lands, as did their neighbors on the coast, their worst task, after building the andenes, was to keep them clear of weeds, for here every slope is matted with a low but dense vegetation. The zone of this curious culture runs up, in this cañon, to the 13,000-foot level. A large proportion of the ancient terraces are still cultivated by descendants of the patient builders, who still think nothing of climbing their 2000-foot bluff twice a day. The small "bottoms" in the torrential trough of the river are equally utilized—cut up into tiny and fantastic-shaped fields of alfalfa.

A short distance above the small town of Surco a fine loop and long "V" overcome another sudden pitch of the valley, and bring us across the impressive bridge of Challapa, around under the Indian eyrie of Huariquiña, and up a ribbon of cultivated land to Matucana, sixty-three miles from the sea, and 7788 feet above it. This is a village of some 2000 people, striking in location, and a favorite resort for consumptives. The married Chinaman is here in force, and the undergrown mountaineer is familiar to the streets—too often in intimate companionship with the forty-per-cent. rum of the sugar-cane, the serrano's worst failing.

Mounting on from Matucana, the road soon enters the Quebrada Negra (Black Gorge); and emerging from that, climbs, at Tambo de Viso, its third V—or rather N, since the three lines of track take that shape. This is the smallest zigzag on the line, and being in a straight wall, can be photographed, as the longer and more devious V's cannot. The view back from its upper line gives a diagrammatic idea of the device; and the map of the "V-doble" at Chicla, of the extent to which it is employed.

From here the line plunges through a wild series of tunnels, crosses the breathless bridge of Chaupichaca, and after long further struggle with the indescribable gorge, comes to the little bench of Tamboraque, backed by its dark andenes, and with the white Rimac apparently suspended over the very station. Thence another V runs far up the side valley of the Parac; then comes the V of Asuri, in its noble gorge; and at last the errant line returns to the quebrada of the Rimac, looking straight down 600 feet upon the roofs of Tamboraque. San Mateo is just around the corner from this station, but to cover that scant mile the road has to make a four-mile détour, all at maximum grade. San Mateo, a picturesque town of 2000 souls, lies on the stream 300 feet below the railroad. The mountains which crowd it from behind are of the inevitable abruptness, wrinkled from base to crest with dense-green andenes, and striped here and there with startling trails. Two miles east the railroad enters upon its grimmest stretch—the miraculous mile which is done feeble justice by its title of Infiernillo, "the *little* hell." In this chaotic labyrinth of giant cliffs the European engineers confessed themselves at the end of their rope. "Here is where you stop," they said to Henry Meiggs, the refugee from San Francisco justice, who made and unmade Peru, and inventor of this railroad. "I beg your pardon," he replied. "Americans do not stop."

It was an American engineer who beat the Infiernillo. Here, as at scores of other points, chaining and surface-tracing were impossible. Even to establish "stations" for triangulation men were let down on ropes hundreds of feet, and spent sometimes weeks in drilling and blasting a foothold. Many tunnels were opened in the same dangling fashion. At last, by dint of cuts and curves and boring, by hanging a bridge from tunnel to tunnel over the roaring gorge which splits them, by making a tunnel for the river and taking its bed for the track, and by many other like ingenuities, the Infiernillo was passed. A paper in Lima made some ill feeling at the time by a double-page cartoon in which Meiggs was shown crossing the famous bridge on an unwilling burro whose face was that of the engineer who had given up.

The double V of Cacray begins just above; and at its first apex returns to peer far down into the heart of the Infiernillo. The scenery here and at the junction of the Rio Blanco—up whose valley the road makes another great twist—is particularly noble. The lofty cliffs are peculiarly castellate—granite formations end at Verrugas, and the rest of the line burrows through limestone and occasional porphyry. At Chicla, eighty-seven miles from Callao, and at an altitude of 12,697 feet, one sees five lines of track, two on the north and three on the south side of the river. This compound zigzag goes seven kilometres to gain a distance of 1500 feet between the old "lower station" and the switchback which beetles far above it. By now the topography shows nothing of the rocky lower buttresses of the Cordillera, but is scarcely less impressive with its stamp of altitude upon configuration, vegetation, and life. It bespeaks its place upon the shoulders of the great sierra. The valleys are no longer chasms, but gigantic troughs, and up their impossible sides grazes the stolid llama.

At the switchback so dizzily above Chicla, engine and train change ends for the third and last time; and we crawl along, level with aerial potato patches 600 feet above the ever-white Rimac, to Casapalca. At the time of my first visits this fair-sized but intolerably dirty town, ninety-five miles from and 13,606 feet above the sea, was the effective terminus, the remaining forty-one miles to Oroya not yet being open to traffic, though track-laying had been completed some months. After the railroad, the vital principle of Casapalca is the huge smeltery and reduction-works. Its ores are all brought in by endless trains of llamas, each carrying its hundred-weight, but effectively resentful of the imposition of another straw. These quaint South American camels, which were such a preponderant factor in the ancient history of Peru—they were the chief enablers of that remarkable conquest by the Inca tribe, making possible for the first and only time in aboriginal America any such thing as military operations—are always thick in the streets and upon the hill-sides of Casapalca. Troops of them come alike from the far bonanzas of Cerro de Pasco and the half-mile gulches which feed the great stamp-mill. Closet exploration has never more amply illustrated itself than by the classing of the llama and his three half-brothers as "Peruvian sheep." They might almost as soon be mistaken for horses as for any wildest contortion of any *Ovis*. One has but to see them, or even one footprint of them in a muddy spot, to know them for camels.

From this point, through the courtesy of Mr. J. L. Thorndike, principal builder of this and of the Arequipa line, I was forwarded by construction train, by hand-car, and afoot to my destination. Already from Casapalca one gets a glimpse, above the green walls, of mightier snow-peaks; and a mile above town, turning into the valley of Chinchan, comes face to face with them—their white heads, black-wrinkled with outcrop cliffs, tall above the peaten valleys. Making here another huge horseshoe, the road returns to overlook Casapalca from the lofty brow of "Cape Horn." Turning this great headland, we toil through another file of tunnels, the narrow gaps between them giving marvellous outlooks to the Alpine crest. Ever since Chaupichaca every hill-side has its rill, snowy with falls of enormous height. From across the quebrada they are particularly defined and beautiful—white, white threads that ravel the dark mountain-side with the slow patience of water. To the last mile they companion us; and now upon the left, 3000 feet overhead, looms the infinite white of Mount Sunday—the breast of snow that suckles the infant Rimac.

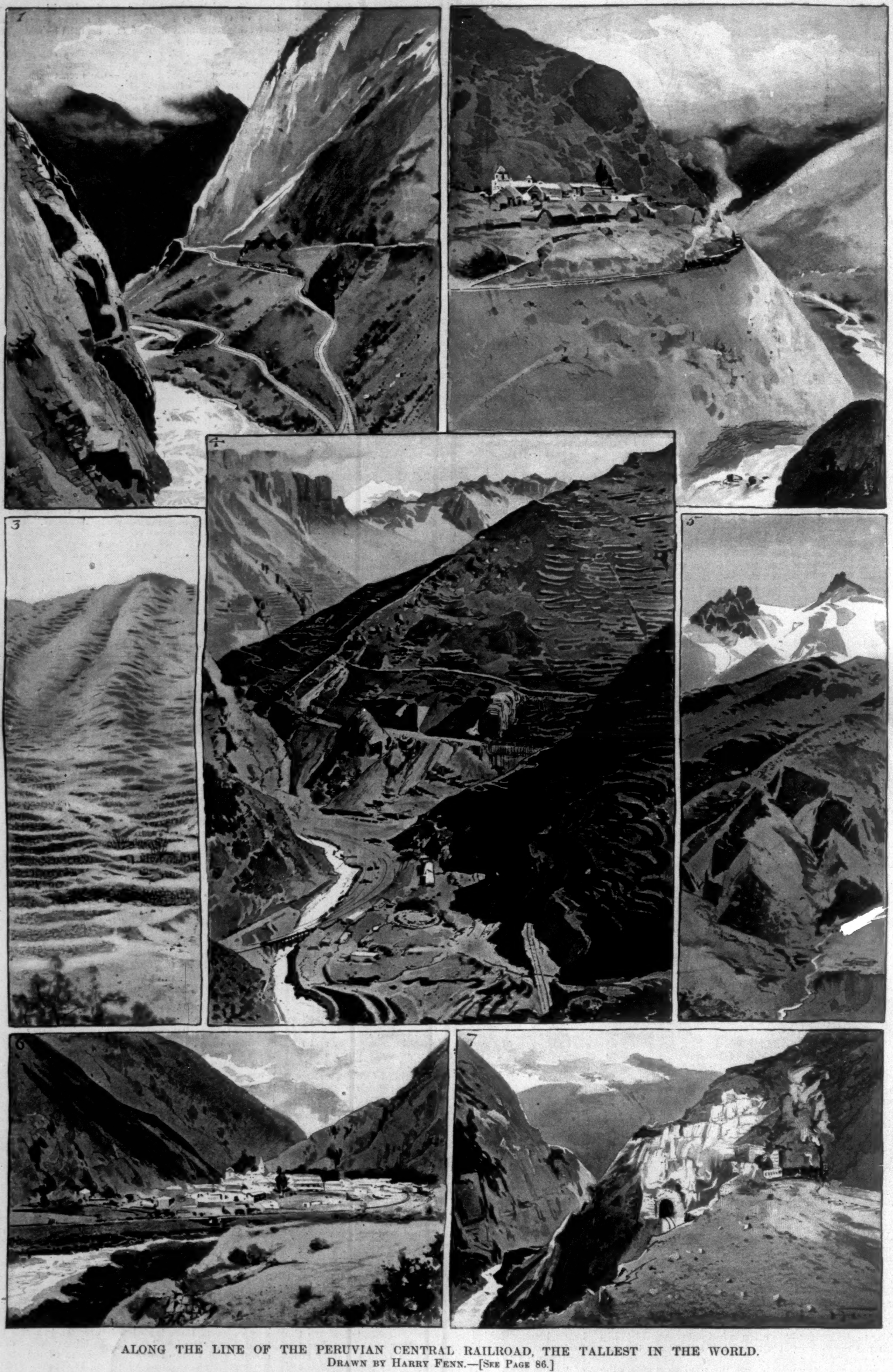
At the time of these visits (February and March) this just finished section of the road was overwhelmed in constant landslides. The slopes, soaked by months of daily snow or rain (through the season which is summer in Lima), slipped down by the cubic rod. Our work-train getting nipped between two of these rock avalanches, the superintendent's hand-car was carried over and pushed to the summit by serrano laborers. Just to the left of Monte Meiggs—a wild crag of 17,575 feet—the railway crosses the Cordillera by the highest tunnel in the world, some 600 feet below the *cumbre* of the Pass of Galera. This Galera tunnel is 3849 feet long and 15,665 feet above the sea—less than 200 feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc. That it is spoken of as "the highest point at which a piston-rod can be moved by steam" would hardly merit notice had not the statement gained such currency. It remains to be proved at what elevation the piston would "cease continuing"; and as for Galera, it is not yet high enough above Callao to show the remotest difference in the expansion of steam.

The tunnel is on a vertical curve, with a grade of three per cent. inward to the apex, and one of one and a half per cent. down to the eastern entrance. It has been building all the twenty years since the road was begun. The first locomotive went through the Galera tunnel in September, 1892. The enormous supplies for this and other construction were for a dozen years packed on muleback over fifty miles or more of these most hopeless of mountains. Provisions, tools, powder, machinery—even to the great boilers for running the compressors—were brought up thus piecemeal. No wonder that there were sometimes 10,000 laborers at work in construction, and that stretches of the bare terre-plein cost over $100,000 a mile, even with labor at sixty centavos a day. After all manner of Saxon-conceited experiments, it has been found necessary to fall back upon the labor of the native mountaineers, except that most of the masonry is by Italians. No other class than the centuries-acclimated serrano Indians can long work effectively at these resistless altitudes. The conductors and engineers are mostly Americans; the firemen, cholo gentlemen in white shirts, who sit on their bench and turn a stopcock. Petroleum from the fields of Talara, above Payta, is the exclusive fuel of the Peruvian Central, and leaves nothing to be desired.

The *sorojchi*, or mountain-sickness of the Andes, is neither a myth nor a riddle; and one must smile at reading a pretentious book devoted to discovering it. That altitude here has a specific threat to health, and even to life, was as well understood before the survivor of the Matterhorn as it is now. Above a line which varies in itself and for the individual the *cumbres* of the sierra are sentinelled by this grim presence, and few pass him unchallenged. As one goes up and up, the blood, freed from its wonted atmospheric pressure, leaps up like steam. The capillaries, no longer constricted from without, are inadequate by their own elasticity to meet the new responsibility, and burst with alarming readiness in nose, ears, throat, and wherever else. Particularly is there danger to the brain—a landlord ill prepared to lodge the venous hordes that troop clamoring to it. Congestion is astonishingly rapid. Fatal results are comparatively rare, solely because one is hurried to lower levels at the first serious symptoms, a treatment which generally suffices. Nearly every one who reaches Casapalca for the first time pays some toll, if only by violent headaches, nose-bleeds, sleeplessness, or a most wretched land seasickness. The passenger-coaches, as they crawl up the last kilometres, often recall a Channel boat. A few days before my first visit two particularly robust men (a blacksmith and a carpenter) came direct to Casapalca from Callao. They arrived in perfect health; within another twenty-four hours both were dead, of congestion of the brain. Such cases are none too rare, particularly now that the railroad makes the enormous change of altitude a matter of a few hours. It is common prudence for the traveller to take the ascent by instalments, stopping off, for instance, at Matucana, San Mateo, and Chicla, and thus render the final altitude less of a violence to him.

With Mr. Bennett, the clever American engineer in charge of construction, I walked through the icy Galera tunnel, drinking now from its conduit a draught bound for the Pacific, and a few rods ahead robbing a cupful from the Atlantic *viâ* the Amazon. From the eastern entrance we slid by hand-car down the two-per-cent. grade, pausing here and there to "check up" the section gangs of small, dirty, homespun serranos. On this side the range the railroad has no difficulties to speak of, and need not exceed a two-and-a-half-per-cent. grade anywhere between Galera and navigable waters of the Amazon. Smooth, wet, peat-sodded valleys fall away gradually from the peaks of eternal snow. Bridges and rock-work are rare, and tunnels none at all—a sharp contrast to the other slope, where the Galera is last of fifty-eight tunnels aggregating over 21,000 feet. Yauli is fourteen miles from the summit, and Oroya, an insignificant hamlet which will probably long remain the terminus, is 136½ miles from Callao, and at an altitude of 12,178 feet. A branch of easy grade will tap the silver miracle of Cerro de Pasco—not exhausted by centuries of "gophering," but to be drained before it can be exploited on a modern scale. The main line is to go on, *viâ* Chanchamayo, to meet steamers on the upper Amazon, a matter of about as many more miles as it has already, but not a tithe of the cost. All this in the good pleasure of the Peruvian Corporation, Limited. Even now, when it "ends at nothing," the road has a surprisingly large freight and passenger traffic, and its extension will tap and develop the largest resources of Peru, now a non-producing tropical wilderness.

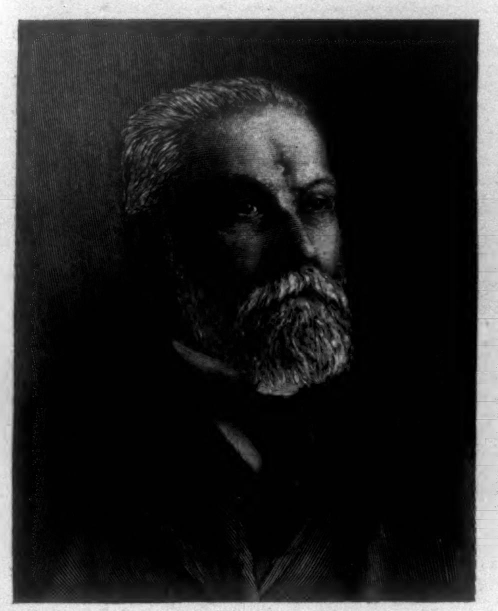
One descends the Oroya line enriched but humble. Beyond the bullying of such terrific scenery as no other railway suggests, there is no less impression in man's having bridled and "broken" this incalculable monster of a Cordillera; and then, of the first farmers of the andenes—those sturdy dwarfs who builded, in proportion to their day and circumstance, a monument quite as great as the railway wonder of the world.



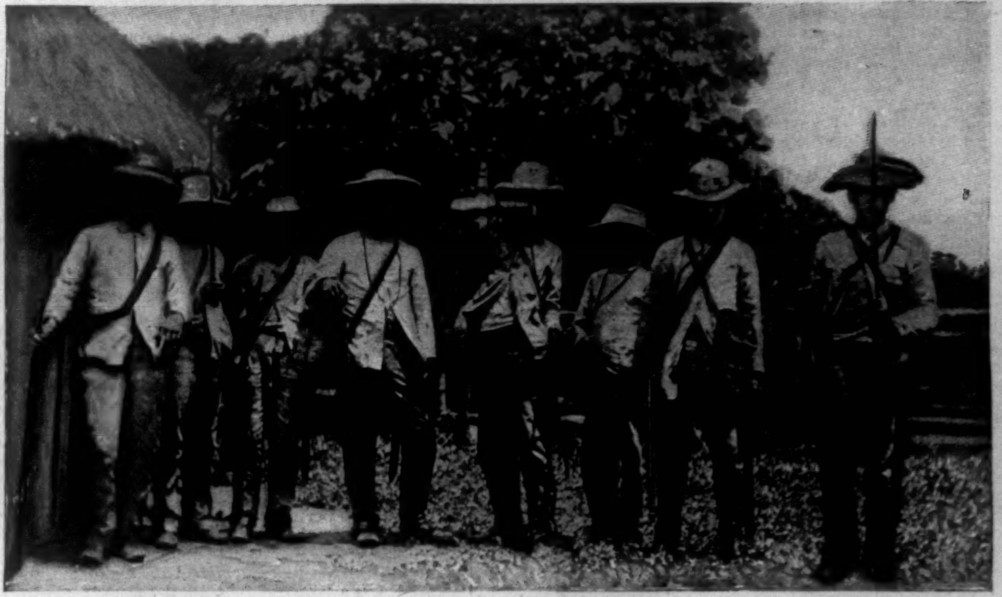
ALONG THE LINE OF THE PERUVIAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, THE TALLEST IN THE WORLD.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

1. The N at Tambo de Viso. 2. The Indian Eyrie of Huariquiña. 3. Andenes (Terraced Gardens) of the Indian Farmers at Surco. 4. The Railroad winding through the Andenes in the Rio Blanco Quebrada. 5. Crest of the Cordillera at Galera. 6. Matucana from the Northeast. 7. The V in the Asuri Gorge.



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCÍA IÑIGUEZ.



GENERAL JUAN RIUS RIVERA AND HIS STAFF.
From a Photograph taken at Asiento Viejo, December 20, 1896.

MACEO'S SUCCESSORS.

In a recent number of the Weekly were a few words about Cuban field hospitals, called hospitals *de sangre;* and it so happened that while the passage in question was being written a vague rumor was transforming itself into newspaper paragraphs which suggested that Maceo was still alive, hidden in such a *hospital de sangre* in the province of Havana—the Siguanea Hospital, namely—located on a bit of firm land in the centre of a swamp, and to be reached by a blind path known only to the initiated: otherwise inaccessible, for the surrounding mud, waist-deep in the shallowest spot, is described as being in many places so treacherous that horse and rider will sink out of sight in it, if, indeed, they are not sooner seized by the alligators. Alligators in serried ranks, it seems, surround the hospital-island in the swamp, and are ready to cope with any supposable number of marauding Spaniards!

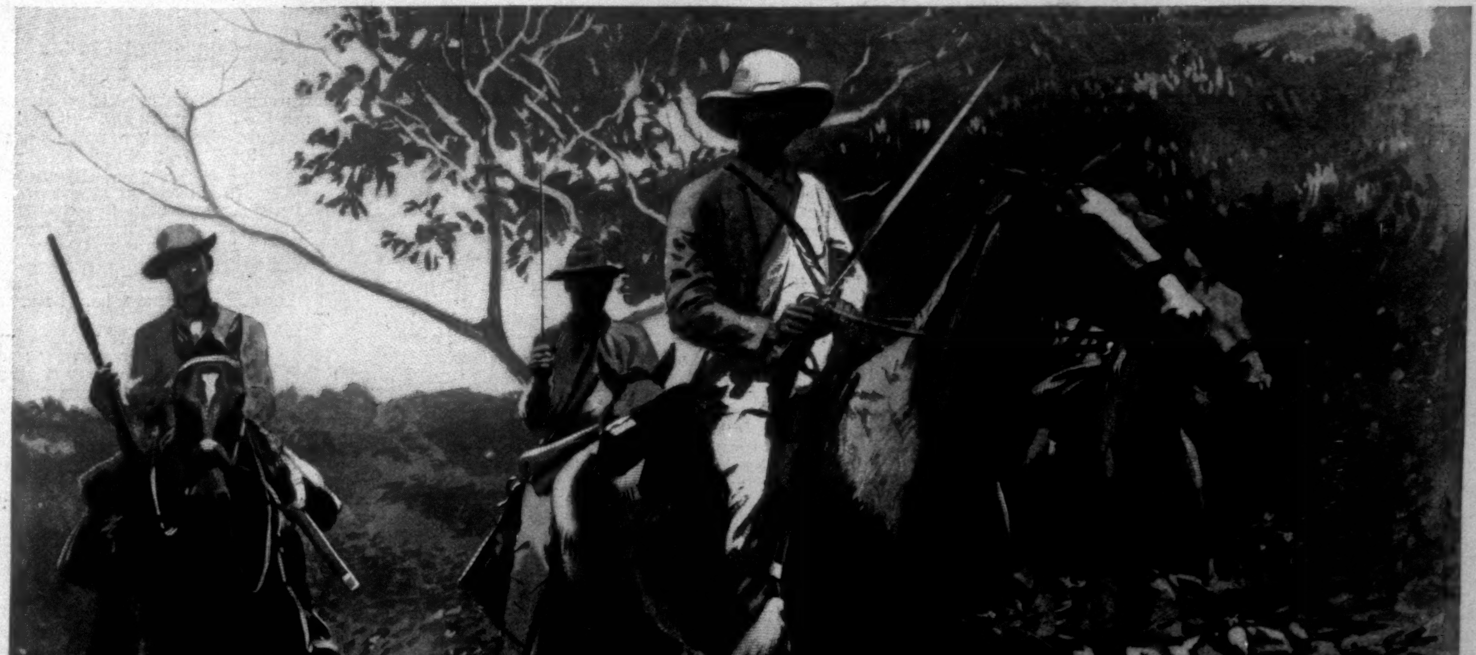
On this occasion it was the unverified rumor that promptly sank out of sight; and yet, in the nature of the case, there is uncertainty about everything—there are unexplored vast natural pockets in which treasures of information may be secreted. The obvious fact, sufficient for our present purpose, is that for several days García, since Maceo's death next in succession to Gómez, and Rivera, since the same event commanding in Pinar del Rio, have been the most interesting figures.

García (Calixto García Iñiguez) was also mentioned in the same number of the Weekly as the insurgent general in command at the capture of Guáimaro. Such experiences have been common enough in the last twenty-eight years of his life, for he is a veteran promoter of revolutions. A native of Holguín, he was among the first to take the field in the ten years' war. On the 13th of October, 1868, three days after the Yara proclamation, Donato del Mármol and he, with 150 men, by rapid marches from town to town, spread the revolutionary sentiment, and endeavored to organize it in Santa Rita and Baire and Jiguaní. This first campaign García made with the rank of brigadier, in the command of Máximo Gómez; he had the title of major-general at the time when the *plaza fuerte* of his own Holguín fell into his power; he took part in many of those indistinguishable little battles—Báguano, Cupeyal, Zarzal, Santa María; it is impossible to remember them all, nor would their names convey a single definite idea to many readers. But this one occurrence is worth recalling: September 3, 1873, all but a score of his followers had been sent to Zarzal in search of provisions, and in their absence he was set upon by a column of Spaniards in San Antonio del Bajá. García offered such resistance as he could with his handful of men, but finally saw the game was up, and (as he didn't at all care to be taken alive) discharged his revolver at his forehead. The self-inflicted wound was treated in Manzanillo; thence he was sent as a prisoner to Spain, and kept in confinement until the peace of Zanjón was concluded and a telegram had passed from Campos to Cánovas del Castillo. As soon as he was at liberty García went to Paris first (of course), and then to New York, and then was concerned in the affair of August, 1879; then, back in Spain once more, and well regarded in Madrid, he was *pensando siempre en su ideal*—as his biographer, Señor E. Trujillo, assures us—until October, '95, when he came to New York to organize an expedition for Cuba. The photograph reproduced on this page was made at that time.

Juan Rius Rivera is another veteran. Born in Mayagüez in Porto Rico fifty years ago, he was a law student at Barcelona when the ten years' war began. It was, perhaps, less easy for him than for some of the others to give up his career—and especially his books, for he has always shown a marked taste for literature. His friends describe him as a poet—as a poet *facil y correcto.* No doubt the contrast with his predecessor (for years his companion and leader), Antonio Maceo, has made these finer characteristics stand out more conspicuously.

In 1870 his opportunity came. A certain Melchor Agüero led an expedition to Cuba, and with him went Rivera. Calixto García, as chief of the eastern department, gave the young student the post of secretary; but Rivera's ambition sought opportunity for freer play; he resigned from García's staff, and soon, in command of the Holguín battalion, gave evidence of military skill and cunning. The campaigns of 1874 and 1875 demonstrating the imperative need of cavalry in Holguín, a regiment of one hundred horse was organized and attached to the Portoricanian's command. Then his activity made itself felt in the eastern extremity of the island—that region lying to the north and northeast of Santiago de Cuba. Colonel Fernando Figueredo Socarrás has given a specimen of his enterprise, in terms which I shall try to follow as closely as possible in translation, because there seems to be a delightful echo of Cervantes in the style of the narration.

Rivera's first undertaking, says Colonel Figueredo, was the capture of a convoy which, loaded with provisions, was marching from Mayarí [this is near the northern coast] to Barajagua. He placed his ambuscade admirably. The Spaniards were taken by surprise. The provisions fell into the power of the insurgents, but not without a terrible resistance offered by the escort, which, recovering from its surprise, took courage, re-formed its disordered ranks, and bethought itself of its honor. The combat then took on a fierce and savage aspect; *the mules and the combatants tumbled and rolled over one another—now beast on top, now man—and were both mixed*



GENERAL JUAN RIUS RIVERA, INSURGENT LEADER IN PINAR DEL RIO.
Drawn by Charles Broughton from a Photograph taken at Asiento Viejo, December 20, 1896.

up among the sacks containing provisions. The enemy were about to repossess themselves of what remained of the "pledge" intrusted to their care, when Rivera, placing himself at the head of a platoon, suddenly hurled himself upon his foes. These gave way, thereupon, and relinquished all of the booty they had recovered. But then, his work crowned with success, Rivera fell to the earth, bathed in blood, while his machete, hissing like an arrow, was cast at a great distance from his body—from his corpse, as the on-lookers supposed.... Subsequently, in command of the Holguín brigade, he led in some of the most stirring actions of that period; while still later he shared Maceo's fortunes as a companion in exile. Just before leaving Cuba he had an interview with the officer whose account we are now following, at the conclusion of which, "after a thousand protestations of affection and friendship, they embraced, and Rivera, unclasping his belt, said: 'This is my machete; holding this in my hand, I was wounded at the capture of the convoy. Keep it. If I return, you will restore it to me. If you surrender, and abandon the fields of Cuba, break it in two and bury the pieces. Let it never become a Spanish trophy.'"

If the passage had been written into the story of Don Quixote (with a few discreet changes), who would detect the interpolation?

On the 10th of September, 1896, the announcement was made in this city that an important expedition had reached the coast of Pinar del Rio, and that Rius Rivera was in command of it. *El Porvenir* of that date observed, "He gives up the easeful position which he had acquired by honest work; he returns to the Cuban battle-ground."

Two other names that have grown familiar to the eye, though probably not to the ear, of those who from day to day read the news of the Cuban war, may be added in this place with a few words of comment. In a certain sense these also are Maceo's successors; for during his career he monopolized the interest in which they now may share.

President Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, Marqués de Santa Lucía, was born in Puerto Principe in 1832. He is the Cuban Lincoln, in a very narrow field and on a very small scale, for it was his privilege to sign, as president of the House of Representatives at Guáimaro, the decree which abolished slavery and declared all citizens of the Republic of Cuba free and equal. After the treaty of Zanjón, in 1878, he chose New York as his place of residence—this city being regarded as an advantageous point for such agitation in favor of a new revolutionary movement as engaged his attention until 1886. His minor part in the present war—especially the western march of insurgents in October, November, and December, 1895—has been characterized by Mr. Clarence King in *The Forum*.

Vice-President Bartolomé Masó was born in Manzanillo in 1834. A man of good education, in a provincial sense; a contributor to the periodicals of several eastern towns—Bayamo, Santiago de Cuba, and his native place; a companion of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, and a participant with him in the Yara proclamation of October 10, 1868; Masó bore his part creditably in the ten years' war. After the treaty of Zanjón, returning to Manzanillo in search of quiet, his preference was so little regarded by Polavieja that he was forcibly taken, sent to Spain at the public expense, imprisoned for a while, and finally allowed to return to his home in 1883. There he is said to have made a fortune; nevertheless the new invitation to indefinite disaster, issued on the 24th of February, 1895, found him ready. He had arranged his books; he had balanced his accounts; he was among the first in the field.

It is said that Masó commanded his employés to cultivate his estate until current obligations to *Spanish creditors* should have been paid in full; then to apply the torch and let "the sound of the grinding" cease.... Sometimes it seems that what we call "melodrama" is just a realistic picture of life—as life is emotionally viewed by the Spanish American.

On September 18 of the same year the Assembly of Jimaguayú selected him for his present office, and gave him a title which subsequent events have left empty as it was at first.

A portrait of Gómez, with a biographical sketch, may be found in the number of the WEEKLY dated May 9, 1896.

MARRION WILCOX.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TENEMENT-FOLK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE present interest in our tenement population cannot bring to general knowledge anything about the city's masses that is more unlike what is found elsewhere than the language that has grown up among these people, and now is learned, as if it were English, by the new-comers from every quarter of the globe. New York's slang is as distinct a tongue as the variations of the native language of the street-folk of any other great capital, but with this difference—it is altogether reputable, not coarse like that of the London street-folk, nor mixed with the Parisian *double entente* that cannot be explained in print. There are scores of words in the New York slang for which one finds no root or positive origin, but there are not any that are not fit to discuss. Our people of the streets are seldom so erudite as to nickname their neighbors with words taken from the tongues those peoples speak. They have done this by borrowing from the Hebrew two nicknames for those who speak that language. "Sheeny," one name for a Jew, is said to be a repetition of the sound of two syllables of a Hebrew anathema—*miseh meshina*—and "motzer," the newest slang word for Jew, is a corruption of the Hebrew word *matzoth*, which signifies "unleavened bread." The slang name for the Italian—"dago"—is, I believe, a corruption of the proper name "Diego." But such instances are few. Our townsfolk call every black-haired, swarthy-skinned foreigner (except the Chinese) all "dagoes," just as a London crowd determines every foreigner of every sort to be a "bloody Dutchman." The New York nickname for a negro is a "moke," and that name has been borrowed by the London costermongers and applied to their donkeys. In the tenement districts of this city every countryman is called a "farmer," and every person to the manner born who is not known by name is called a "bloke" or a "mug"—the latter being the English slang name for the human face. Here a tenement-house, comprising many flats or suites of rooms, is called a "flat"; a pier or wharf is always called a "dock"; a gutter is invariably termed a "mudgutter"; and the Hollandish word "stoop," meaning the steps to a front door, obtains among all grades of New-Yorkers.

But very many words in the commonest use defy analysis. The commonest expression of all is the most mysterious. It is "cheese it"—the cry of every sort of New York boy, without exception, and of many sorts of young men, to persons who need to be warned of any one's approach. "Cheese it, the cop," is the signal that a policeman is coming. The word "cop," meaning a policeman, was often extended by a second syllable and became "copper" twenty-five to forty years ago, and it is thought that it grew out of the wearing of some metal ornament or badge by the police in still earlier days. But for "cheese it" there has been no accounting, although columns of worthless attempts at explanation of it have been published in the local press.

The words and phrases in New York's slang which are rooted in the sense of humor of the people are very many. The word "growler" is accounted for in two ways, both of which credit the term with a humorous derivation. A "growler," be it known, is any vessel—pail, pitcher, or can—that is sent to the corner saloon for the family supply of lager beer. It is said that the word grew out of the protests of the girls who did not like to be sent to the saloons, or out of the "growling" (slang for grumbling) of the children whose play in the streets was interrupted by their having to perform similar errands. On the other hand, the quarrelling that followed too frequent emptyings of the can by "gangs," or social coteries of drinking men, is said to have given the beer vessel its nickname. The horse-play of the mountebanks in the variety shows is commonly called "funny business," and the term has now come to be applied to all rough play—frolicking, scuffling, and practical joking—among the masses. A flimsy excuse or transparent lie is called a "song and dance." "Why didn't you keep your engagement? Now don't give me no song and dance," is an example of the use of this queer phrase. The old slang words "cheek" and "gall"—meaning assurance—have been supplanted by the word "front," and we hear nowadays that a man who is unblushingly audacious, assuming, or presuming has, not "the front of Jove himself," as Shakespeare wrote, but "an awful front—a front like de court-house." A tipsy man whose uncertain locomotion carries him swaying from side to side of the pavement is declared to have a "skate," or to have "his skates on." Men who drink too much and too frequently are said to suffer from "hitting the bottle." At first it was said of the opium-smokers that they "hit" the pipe—as all pipe-smokers do, to cleanse the instrument—so that hitting anything has come to signify an abuse of the habit with which the article thus "hit" is intimately connected. It is a humorous conceit that led to the saying, applied to all who are dull or obtuse, "He has a fog in his head." With the same spirit a very rich person, or one who is prodigal with his wealth, is said to have "money to burn." To meet with a cool reception is called "getting a frost." To steal is to "pinch," and to be arrested for it is to get "pinched," though the genuine and general slang phrase for getting arrested is "getting the collar," a term growing naturally out of the action of an officer in hustling an offender along with a grip upon his collar.

Anything and everything that is done easily or quickly is said to be done "in a walk." Men are said to "get rich in a walk" or to win a boat-race "in a walk." That is an expression borrowed from the turf, which has also lent to New York the word "ringer," perhaps the most difficult to explain of all the local slang terms, and yet, like all slang, most concise and expressive to all who make use of it. A "ringer," in slang, is anything that looks like what it is not; so that if a person is thought to closely resemble Grover Cleveland, he is spoken of as "a ringer on the President," or if he wears a brilliant bit of glass, it is said to be "a dead ringer on a diamond." "Dead" signifies the utmost, the veriest, that which is absolute. A quarrelsome fellow would be called a tough, but after a few arrests for fighting he would be called a "dead tough." To cheat is to "skin," and therefore a common swindler is a "dead skin." Whatever is very easy is "dead easy," and whatever is disappointing, or below the standard, or distasteful, is declared to be "dead rotten"—a word so coarse that I suspect it to be of cockney origin. The expression "to run up against" is a very common one, and is applied to anything that is difficult to overcome, whether that object be a sturdy pugilist or a fraudulent game. If a man meets a friend, he uses no slang in saying so, but if he meets a policeman, he "runs up against him." If he throws dice fairly with another, he speaks of the fact as the reader would, but if the dice prove to be loaded, he says he ran up against them.

The old English word "let," which has had such a versatile experience in our native tongue, is unknown to our street population. The substitute for it is "leave." All the boys and girls and men and women who speak slang say, "Leave me be," or "Leave me try," or "He won't leave go." One summer day I sat on a bench in East River Park, surrounded by mothers with their babies, all of whom were being fed with "paralyzed milk," as the women called it. This was said jocosely, but there was no fun in their misuse of many another word that I caught, and that sharpened my recollection of all their language heard by me ever since I was a toddler in the town. For instance, when an apple-vender came along, all the trading with her was done in pennies, variously called "bennies" by the Germans and "pinnies" by the Irish. No one used the word cents. Cents have to be ten or more in number to be so called—that is, they speak of a penny's worth, three pennys' worth, fivepence worth, and ten cents' worth—of anything. The apple-vender gave one woman a cent in over-change. "Here, don't skin yourself," said the recipient, handing it back. I noticed, too, as I often had noticed before, that their only word for trading and exchanging is the term "swap" in all its variations. The main peculiarity of the women's slang is that there is less of it than of the men's. Those women who work in the shopping-stores, and in other places where they meet educated women, are proud of copying correct speech. All the girls (the married women grow less particular) avoid the greater part of the slang of the men. To copy the men is called "talking tough," and it marks the "tough girl," a creature who is rapidly disappearing and generally abhorred. But the young women call a young man "a feller," speak of an appointment as "a date," and make incessant use of the superlative "terrible." A dress is terrible pretty unless it is terrible homely (ugly), and an impudent child is terrible sassy. In place of the "hully gee" of the men the women cry, "land sakes," "pity's sakes," and "for Gord's sake." The use of the name of the Almighty in that way is not considered profane by the people of Continental Europe, who have spread the custom here.

But to return to the peculiar talk of the men. To run is always to "chase one's self"; to be angry is to be "hot in the collar"; to fight is to "scrap"; and to be whipped or hit is to "get a t'umpin'." Talk is both "yap" and "chin"; impudent talk is "slack"; and to be humiliated or discomfited in the presence of others is to "get the grand laugh."

Here is a story that a well-known and influential politician told me the other day. It is rich with local flavor:

"'Hully gee!' says I, 'don't cheer me. Lemme tell youse how I got me fill of cheerin'. You know "Mickey the bum," all of you? I get him out of the almshouse every little while, leavin' him there long enough to get over the shakes [delirium tremens]. Well, I was round me deestrict th'other day, an' Mickey seen me, an' he sets up cheerin', "Three cheers fer Senator ——" Say, it was rank the way people give me the grand stare. I t'rew Mickey a quarter. "There," says I, "go drink yourself dead." He set up cheerin' again, and I jumped on a car. Mickey got on the front platform, and when the conductor touched him for the fare, he said I'd pay it. "Are you Senator —— ?" says the conductor. I told him I was, and to t'row the bum off the car. So he chucked Mickey off, and Mickey fell under a team goin' the other way. Such a yell as the women set up when they seen that you wouldn't hear if you set fire to a school-house. They looked at me as if I was a dead brute. I made a sneak off the car, and just then Mickey came out from under the horses. He was no more hurt than you. "Three cheers fer Senator ——!" says he; and I run down to the club to get clear of him. I don't never want to hear me name cheered again.'"

With such distinguished exponents as Senators and city officials, who shall say that New-Yorkese does not reach the dignity of an accomplishment if not of a language?

THE RECOVERY OF FLORIDA.

FLORIDA has ever been the land of enchantment to many, of disappointment to a few, but of perpetual charm and delight to those who have the spirit of her atmospheres. She was created by neither God nor man; she is an original creation. The coral insects made her; she is the white graveyard of the polyps. She became the subject of the most ideal and romantic tale in American history—a dream that ended in disappointment, but not in failure, and one whose significance will never die. We all have a fountain of youth in our dreams; we are disappointed, but we do not fail.

Much that has been said against Florida is true. The continued heat is enervating; there is malaria there; the speculator is there, selling the air; frosts come at times; the chill in the days of low temperature is very uncomfortable and withering. But when one has seen the bright side of it all, the peninsula still is one of the most delightful regions in the three Americas, and the most beautiful summer-garden of the States. "Its soil is not worth a pinch of snuff," said one, with a suggestion of truth, "but its climate is worth a thousand dollars an acre."

The orange-trees were the glory of Florida. They filled the glimmering air with beauty and perfume; the mocking-birds, the poets of the trees, sung in them day and night; they haunted the susceptible imagination, and filled it with dreams of gold. The dark tree of the bridal flowers was a golden garden in the fans of the Bahama sea-winds and stealthy Mexic airs. It is not all illusion; the orange-tree here, as in the Orient, is a charm; gold hangs in its branches, and there are life, hope, and healing in its odorous atmosphere—and it always will be so.

Ponce de Leon did not find the fountain of youth in Florida, but his quest was not a failure. His imagination seems to have given a kind of law to the bowery land that the coral-builders made. The seekers for gold in the orange-trees have met with a great disappointment in the invasion of a Northern blast; they saw 400 miles of glorious trees blighted in a few nights, but their work has not failed. Florida is rising again more beautiful, more productive, and even more romantic, than ever before.

Being one of those who lost a small orange grove in Florida, a grove which I had earned by story-writing, and which I had hoped would be bright amid the shadows of age, should I ever need to seek an afternoon land, I recently visited Florida.

My visit was a surprise. I found there that as a rule the groves which for a year had been pronounced "dead" were rising again into swift and vigorous growth; there had been a "saving remnant" of life in the long tap-root of the trees, that for months had been struggling to find the air through the dead wood. These trees seem to have in them the Florida principle, and are likely to bring realities out of dreams. In four years it is probable that the peninsula air will be an odor of oranges again, and the great freeze or freezes will be recalled only as accidents of the past.

The orange-growers are carefully sheltering their new groves, and have plans to protect them in case of another wintry surprise. These plans include smoke, frames with pine needles, and wind brakes.

A famous nursery-man said to me: "I have this plan for the protection of orange-trees in case of surprises by frost. It is to burn resin in paper boxes or pans under the trees. The smoke of resin is warm, dense, and remains near the earth. The only grove that was saved in one section of the country here was protected in this way. The same means would have saved all the groves. A thin smoke that the wind may drift over the trees is not a sure protection, but I have the theory that resin smoke *under* the trees is a sure protection, and I am going to experiment in this way, and if successful, make the result known to the orange-growers."

But a new faith in orange-growing, and the promising sprouts, of the supposed-to-be-dead trees was only a part of my surprise. A new Florida is rising with the orange-trees. The beginnings of new industries, and of kinds but little thought of a few years ago, are everywhere to be seen. The "winter gardens for the Northern markets" have taken on a new life and expansion. Bee culture and the apiary have found a promising place in the garden life of the east coast. Volusia County will this year yield some two hundred tons of honey. Women as well as men have become interested in bee culture, which offers a healthful out-of-door occupation.

But the cultivation of ramie, now in its infancy, may be about to work an industrial revolution in the whole State. The silken hemp is being very successfully produced on some of the islands of the Antilles, and is attracting attention in Mexico. O. W. Parsons, of Sanford, Florida, published in the *Indian River Advocate* an article on ramie which has found a great number of interested readers. In this article he says:

> The want of paying cash crops and a greater diversification of industries in the orange-growing districts of Florida was never more apparent than at the present time, and these questions are now receiving grave consideration and discussion, suggested by the disastrous experiences of the winter of 1895-1896.
>
> There is probably no crop that can be produced in Florida soil that can be made more remunerative, and with less cost of labor and anxiety, than ramie. In point of labor, it is the most inexpensive of all crops to produce, one planting lasting for a long series of years, and with proper cultivation and suitable returns made to the soil, it would be practically inexhaustible. The climate of South Florida is pre-eminently suited to cultivation of this plant, the requirement being a warm, humid climate to insure the most satisfactory results. Ramie will grow in a great variety of soils, from our high pine to hammock, and in rich alluvial saw-grass and muck lands that are susceptible of thorough drainage.
>
> The propagation of the plant can be easily accomplished. This is done by seed, by cuttings, by layering, and by division of the roots, the most practicable method being by a division of the roots of old, mature plants.
>
> The cultivation of ramie is simple and easy after the preliminary measures of planting are accomplished, occasional ploughings, as with corn and cotton, being all that is necessary thereafter.
>
> The average yield of the entire plant—leaves, stalks, etc.—has been found to average about fourteen tons to the acre per year, the leaves amounting to about fifty per cent. In Louisiana—opposite New Orleans—48,000 pounds per acre have been obtained in a year. In California as much as 60,000 pounds has been produced in an experimental way in one year.

A writer in the New Orleans *Picayune*, in touching upon the alleged danger of the overproduction of ramie, says:

> As to the market for ramie fibre, you may turn your entire cotton acreage into ramie, yet fail to supply the $300,000,000 worth that foreign and American manufacturers will use as soon as they can depend upon a regular supply. There is no guesswork about this. The English government has stated that such an amount in value will be required. You must remember that China has hitherto supplied the world, practically, but the English, French, and Austrian factories are unable to get it as required. . . . The best ramie known grows in the Southern Gulf States.

But there is another feature of Florida which has shown a discouraging side but that has not failed. It is the effects of the climate on those predisposed to tuberculous diseases. Florida sometimes makes well people sick, but it often makes sick people comparatively well. The catarrh patient or the asthmatic sufferer may find malaria in Florida—all climates have their diseases—but statistics show a wonderful record in favor of recovery in the Floridian climate from diseases of the mucous and respiratory organs.

In Florida, as a rule, people who make a life-long residence live long. A gentleman of business influence of whom I knew went to Florida in phthisis before the war, and only returned North to the White Mountains in summers, and lived comfortably, after the invasion of the disease, for thirty years. Three like cases have fallen under my personal observation. A person relieved of lung diseases in Florida usually has to remain there to make the relief permanent. The reaction of a return to life in the North is sometimes unfavorable. Florida is recovering from a period of an unfavorable opinion as a sanitarium as well as in more material things. The whole country will need her more and more as a garden of healing.

It is, however, neither her orange groves nor her healing airs that most affect the imagination of the world. The peninsula was found and founded on a romance, and as a romance—as the poem of the States of America—she will ever remain. Over her will forever gleam the skies of hope. Her history, step by step, has been like the march of a masque. Ponce de Leon's vision; the founding of St. Augustine; the exploits of De Soto; the tragedy of the Huguenots, the Minorcans, Osceola; the romance of Prince Achille Murat; the marooners, the old floral fêtes of Tallahassee; the building of Aladdin-like palaces called hotels; the opening of the pleasure routes to the Antilles; the sudden rise of Tampa and Key West; and a multitude of minor colorings—have kept Florida ideal in a commercial age. It will always be so while over the coral reef, still growing towards the Mexic Gulf and Bahama seas, shall gleam the unclouded and golden tent of one of the most celestial atmospheres in all the world. Our Nice, our Sicily, our Malfi, our Isle of Wight, she is now and destined to be; and it would seem that after her late eclipse she is entering upon the most promising and wonderful cycle of her destiny.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A LITERARY EVENT.

THE sudden appearance of a bright star, like that which came into the constellation of Cassiopeia in the year 1572, does not excite more interest among astronomers than is aroused in the world of letters by the recovery of a lost classic. A certain Greek poet called Bacchylides has hitherto been known by name—little more. We have known that he was born at Iulis, in the island of Ceos, and travelled far and wide, like his uncle Simonides, his great rival Pindar, and the other lyric poets who lived and sang five centuries before the beginning of our era; we have known that when Simonides was invited to Syracuse by Hiero, Bacchylides went with him, and no doubt lived in luxury there, for Simonides (said to have been the first who took money for his poems) made the most of Hiero's munificent disposition; we have known that afterwards Athens was his home for many years, and the scene of repeated literary triumphs that gave him an eminence second to none in his own day; and that still later he practised his art in the Peloponnesus.

But that was about all, and his personality remained dim, for only fragments have been preserved of the Æolian and Dorian lyric poetry, except Pindar's songs of victory that celebrate the successful contestants in the great national games of Greece.

Now the British Museum announces the discovery of songs of victory—a score of them, and some of considerable length—by Bacchylides; and thus for the first time the rivals of twenty-four hundred years ago are to have their respective claims fairly tried and tested! "The manuscript," it is stated, "is papyrus of a fine quality"—the writing large and handsome; but unfortunately the papyrus has been torn, and some of the fragments lost.

The event is too important not to receive prompt mention here; and the restitution of a writer's personality, as revealed in his works, after all these centuries of dimness, is in a high degree picturesque. It is somewhat as though one of those extinct, burnt-out suns—invisible black balls that gravitate round other huge dark bodies here and there among the systems of the universe—had suddenly come to light and life.

REFLECTION.

THE turbid pool reflects the azure sky—
  The shining mud itself is tinged with
      blue.
The life of e'en the lowliest passer-by
  May answer to a gleam of heaven in you.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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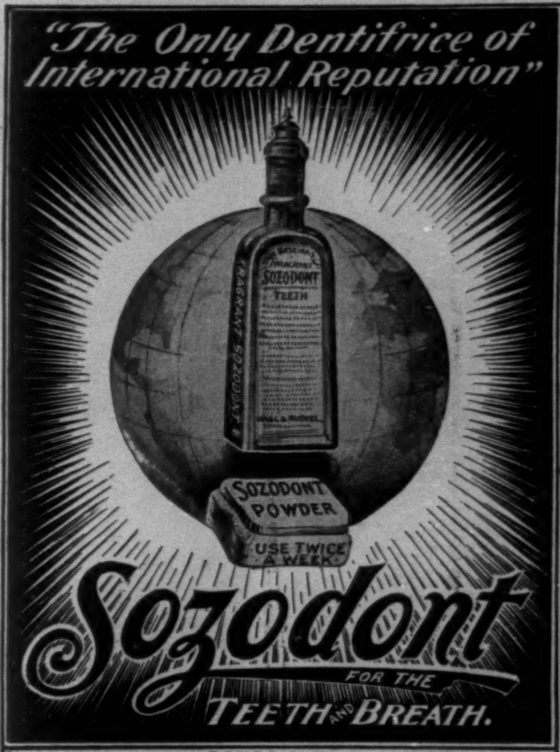
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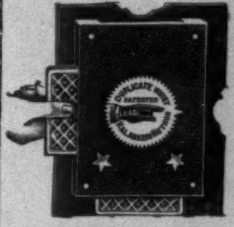

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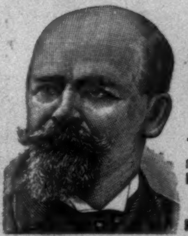

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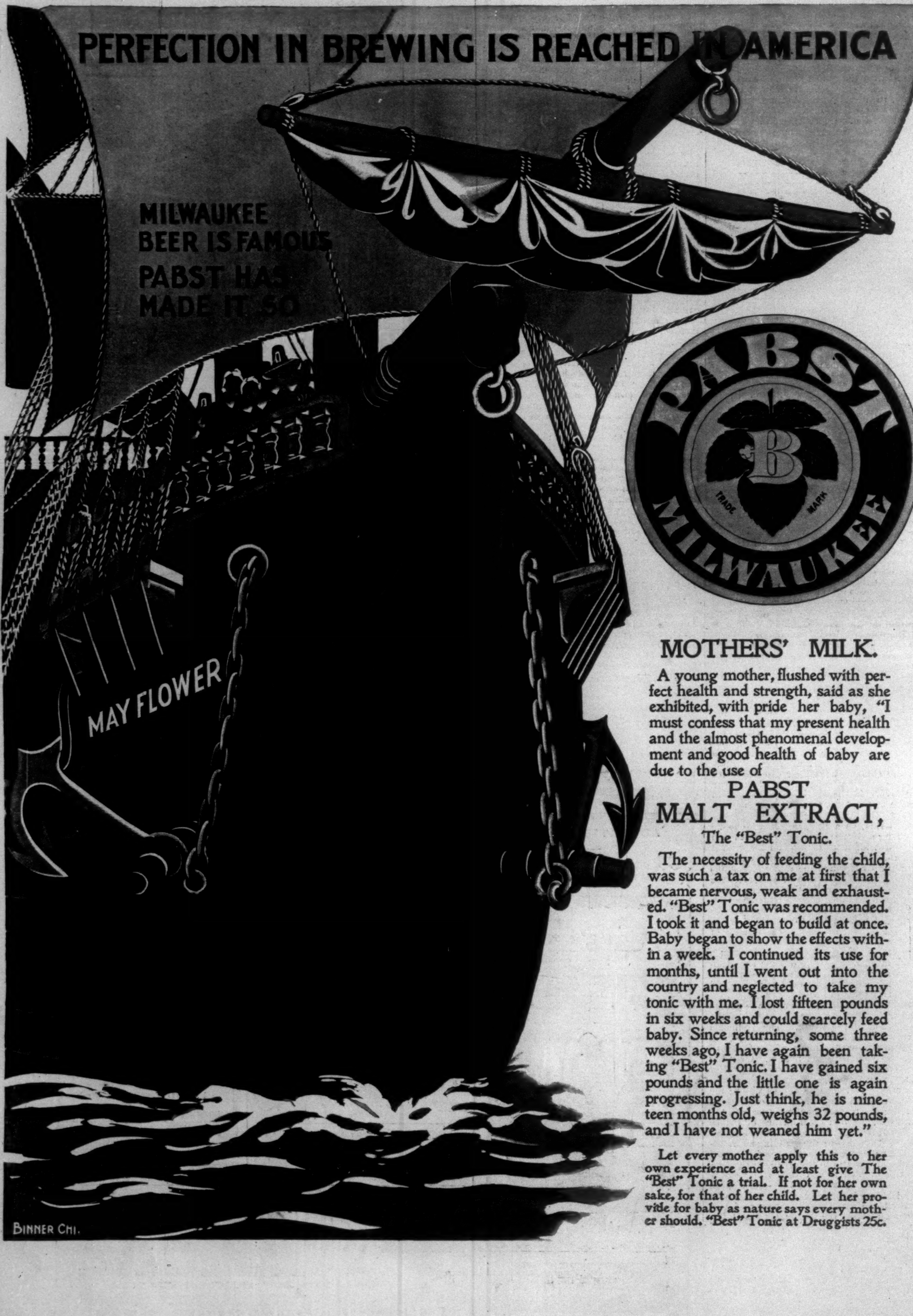
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AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF NOTES FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

We in Great Britain are much interested and a little agitated by the United States' definition of the amateur status in golf. We even find ourselves wondering whether, by the strictness of the definition, the writing of such an article as the present imperils the amateur qualification. Lately we had a match—the Press against the Stage—in which all went harmoniously until a question arose of a certain Press man who had written a play, and was forthwith claimed, being a golfer of value, by the Stage. Naturally the claim was disallowed; but if a dramatic writer be claimed to belong to the theatrical profession, why not a golfing writer to the profession of golf? It will be useless for him to plead that he writes on other things besides. We all know the caddie at St. Andrews who, being asked if one of his fellow-workers had another profession than that of club-carrying, replied, readily, "Ou aye, he has that—he breaks stanes." But this subsidiary industry did not qualify him to play golf as an amateur.

Presuming, however, that we are safe from so extreme an interpretation of the definition as suggested above, we are very ready to admit that all the tendency of American legislation in this matter is good. To me personally, and, I think, most golfers here agree, the prohibition (for practically it comes to that) to bet with a professional seems to be commendable. One ought not to wish to win his money, and one is unlikely to wish him to win one's own. The only point we are a little doubtful about is the clause that seems virtually to forbid members of a club from playing in a sweepstakes subscribed by themselves. It may be a wise prohibition—very likely it is—but over here we should not like it; we have grown accustomed, without any conscience-pricks, to playing for half-crown or five-shilling sweepstakes, and we should not like to give up the practice. After all, it is possible that the clause was not intended to convey this prohibition, and in the main we are all in accord with the spirit of the American legislation—the spirit that aims at keeping the game absolutely pure of that taint of professionalism which has done evil things for our football, and also, if accounts from over the ocean are true, for your baseball.

On the other hand, one rather gathers that less relative interest is taken in professional golf in America than in Great Britain. Probably it is true to say that more interest is taken in professional golf than in amateur golf here—chiefly, no doubt, and properly, because it is rather better. That it is rather better there is virtually no question; the odds against an amateur winning the open championship are always something like three or four to one, and it is difficult to arrive at any closer estimate of the relative merits of the two classes; and probably there is more interest, on the whole, evinced in the result of the open than of the amateur championship. By far the most interesting event in recent British golf was the match which resulted from a bold challenge issued by Sayers, the North Berwick professional, to play any man in the world a home-and-home match for £50 a side. Some of us had rather hoped that the present champion, Harry Vardon, or the late champion, Taylor (both of whom are Englishmen), would accept the Scotsman's challenge, and thus give the match something of an international character. But whether or no either of these had thought of accepting it, little time was given them to decide, so quickly was it taken up by Herd, who, though he has never won the championship, has won so many other big competitions that how the championship has escaped him is matter for wonder. Herd beat Sayers very badly, gaining four holes on the latter's home green, and on his own green of Huddersfield (where Herd, Scotsman though he is, is engaged) running clean away, and winning the seventy-two-hole match by thirteen up and twelve to play, as well as the bye. But it is not so much the result as the interest that was taken in it to which I wish to draw attention. A similar interest would perhaps not be taken in a similar match in the United States, and the reason is probably not far to seek—that here in Great Britain we have watched these players grow up from boyhood, and seen their powers develop themselves, whereas in the States the native-born professionals are only just beginning to have the skill and knowledge required for competing on fair terms with the imported article. Even over here, when a professional and an amateur are competing, the general sympathy is all with the latter.

Curiously enough, some amateurs play better against a professional than against another amateur of their own class; and yet the reason is fairly apparent. When matched against a professional, the amateur feels that he has all to gain and nothing to lose in the result. If he win the match he has so much the greater glory that he won it from a professional foe; and if he lose, the same consideration serves to comfort—for what disgrace or loss of reputation is there in being beaten by a professional? Influences of this nature may appear to some to be too subtle to have a real effect, but they count for a good deal in this singular business of golf. There is no other game, perhaps, in which they count for so much; in the games of more rapid movement they have not time to tell; and again, control of nerve is far less essential in those games where hard hitting is everything and there is little measurement of strength needed—as in racquets or cricket. In billiards, where the delicate regulation of strength is so all-important, the nerves need to be under perfect control; but in billiards stroke follows stroke very quickly while the striker is in play; there is not that long interval for reflection which is often so fatal to the golfer as he walks from the tee to where his ball lies to be lofted over some perilous hazard. His imagination has full time to conjure up for him all the horrors consequent on a foozled approach. There is no doubt of it that golf is not the game for the man of vivid imagination; and this vivid imagination, which is generally the possession of the more cultured classes, is more often the bane of the amateur than of the professional player.

A pregnant phrase was overheard by a man in the crowd looking on at the Herd *vs.* Sayers match, noticed above. "Man," said the commentator, "there's *something* in Herd that Sayers disna hae." We all know that "something," though we cannot analyze it—the temperament of "dour" determination, which is the temperament for success in game-playing and in other things—the temperament which enables a man to control his nerves without losing his *élan*, as the French call it.

Of course these remarks only apply to "serious golf"—a game that is to be played as well as the golfer is capable of playing it, and requiring all his energy and concentration. After all, it is the only kind of golf really worth playing or worthy of the name. The other kind is all very well for exercise and amusement, but is scarcely to be called golf; call it rather a walk with a golf club. In England we are often accused by the Scot of not taking our golf seriously enough—of playing it too light-heartedly. One does not quite know how the game goes, in this respect, in America, but one is tempted to surmise that now and again the English error is apt to be committed. No doubt it is a mistake to take the results of golf too seriously—its losses have to be borne with a light-hearted philosophy, and a recollection that it is only a game, after all; but that consideration ought not to justify any light-hearted playing of the fool while the game is in progress. Maybe, however, the golfer of the States takes his golf with the full measure of Caledonian solemnity, so that these observations may be altogether beside his mark. Their only purpose is to indicate a possible danger of spoiling the game. But for most of us golf soon takes at least its due gravity—sometimes rather more. Watching the growth of American golf, we begin to ask ourselves how soon we shall see an American-born coming over to compete in our championships, whether open or amateur. When he comes he may be assured of a warm welcome, even if he treats our golfers as Pettitt treated our tennis-players—that is to say, beats them to pieces. Certainly, with the new legislation in the States about the amateur status, there would be no question of the amateur qualification for Great Britain of one who played as an amateur in America. With a Briton entering for the American amateur championship, if on any grounds he were eligible, it might be another question. Often, without suspicion of endangering our amateur status, we offend some of those canons; but perhaps a compromise might be arrived at. A pleasant incident would be the meeting of teams of amateurs representative of the two countries. It is sure to come to pass, though perhaps the time for its fulfilment is scarcely yet ripe. We shall look, by way of preface, for a team match between America and Canada.

Unfortunately for us, none of the European Continental nations are taking up golf with such enthusiasm as to lead us to expect a challenge from them, though the portrait of the champion of Germany is in evidence in one of our golfing-papers. But he is only an exiled Englishman. And yet some trace the origin of golf to Holland. It is a pity that the Dutchmen have not kept up their game. Mr. Boreel, however, whose game every American golfer that has been to Pau must have admired, is a scion of that country, and his aptitude may be the legacy of some remote ancestor. But it is chiefly by English and Americans that the game is played at Pau and Biarritz and Dinard, and everywhere on the Continent. The natives do not seem to take to it.

For a trial of our national strength against that of another people we shall have to await the coming of an American team.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

LONDON, *January 9, '97.*

IT IS A LITTLE LATE, perhaps, to discuss the football of '96, but there has not before been an opportunity of commenting on the game between the elevens of the University of Wisconsin and the United States Indian Training-School, played in Chicago during the last days of December. We wish to make the game a matter of record for future reference in these columns, because it is really the only trustworthy line we have ever had on the respective strength of the leading exponents of Eastern and Western football.

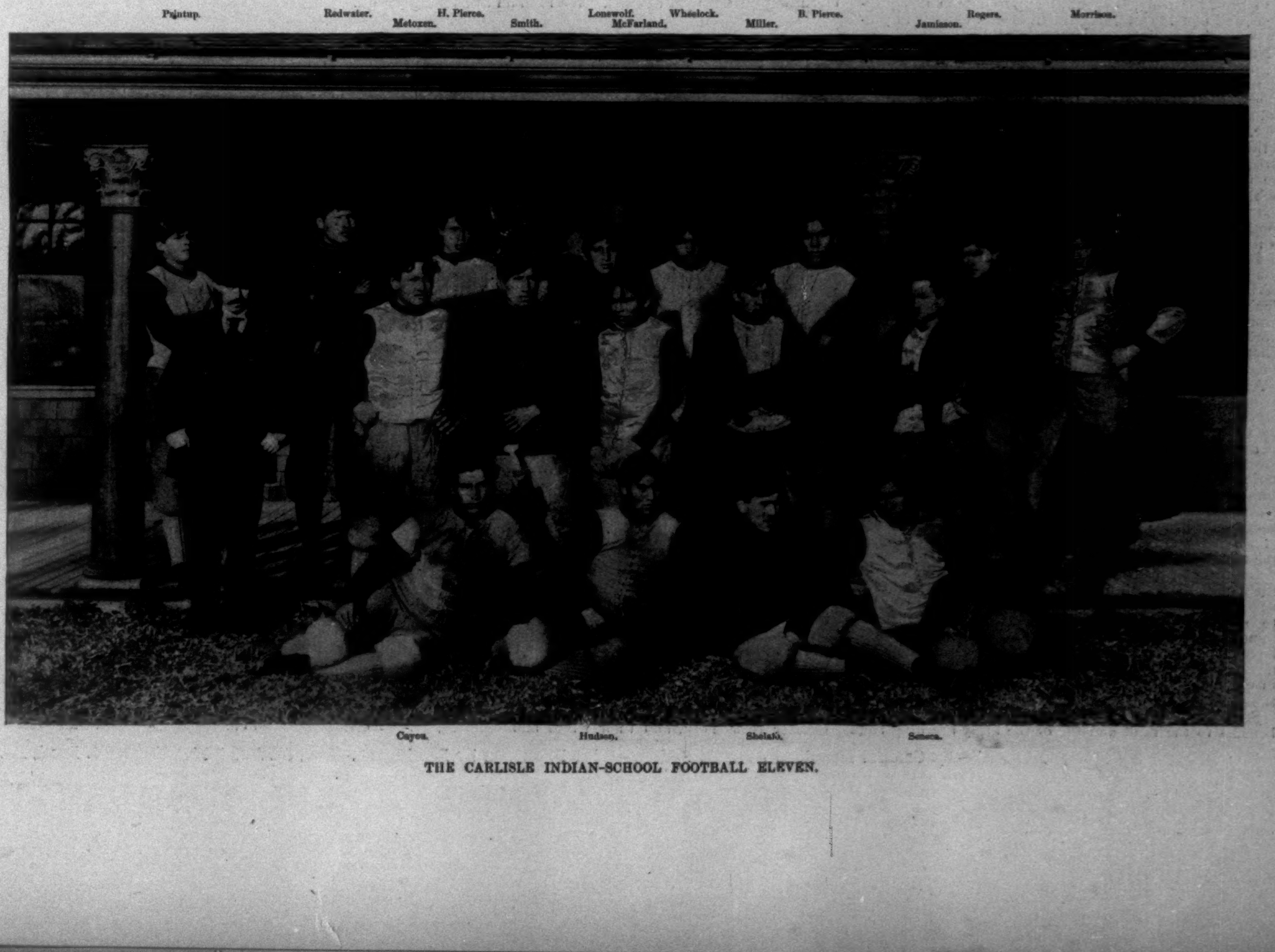
Ignoring the smaller teams played by Carlisle, the record of '96 shows that the Indian eleven played all the leading teams of the East—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, as well as Brown, the strongest of the smaller colleges.

Carlisle beat Brown, 24–12, but lost to the others. Harvard defeated the Indians, 4–0; Yale beat them, 12–6; Princeton's winning score was 22–6, and Pennsylvania's 21–0. A creditable showing indeed for a school which began its football only four years ago, and whose team was untutored in the *finesse* of the game.

Although the Western series of games permitted of no definite conclusions, Wisconsin was generally considered to have the strongest team, it having defeated Chicago, 24–0, and Minnesota, 6–0. It had not played Michigan, though Chicago had beaten that university, 7–6.

Thus a meeting of Carlisle and Wisconsin meant a test of playing strength between one team that had met all the leading Eastern teams and been beaten on every occasion, and another that had closed the middle Western season with no defeats, and attained recognition as being the strongest eleven in that section.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER REASON why I wish to refer to this game, viz., to exempt Carlisle from the criticism this



THE CARLISLE INDIAN-SCHOOL FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

Department has visited upon "touring" college teams. All friends of wholesome sport are opposed to games played chiefly because of the prospective increase of the athletic treasury from gate receipts, and none is more earnest in its opposition than this Department. But circumstances sometimes alter cases, and in this instance the circumstances which suggested Carlisle playing in Chicago place that visit above criticism, and reveal the object of it as entirely worthy and healthful.

The introduction of athletics at Carlisle has proved there, as it has everywhere else, to be of exceeding benefit, but more than at any other school or college has its pursuance been handicapped. To quote from a letter received from one of the school's officials:

> We work at a great disadvantage, having to play on a very poor, uneven, and rocky field, which is red clay, and bakes under the sun. We are ambitious to secure a field of our own for athletic purposes. The government allows us nothing for these purposes. It is therefore our ambition to make enough on our athletics to secure a field and to properly equip it—we wish to do this and no more. If we can do this next year we shall be happy. We felt that in the visit to Chicago an excellent opportunity offered to bring before the public the possibilities of the Indian, and the work being done at our school for that race. The visit resulted in success of the principal object of our visit—the awakening of interest in the Indian cause.

We feel, and believe all intelligent students of the times will agree with us, that this trip of the Indian team was advisedly taken, and praiseworthy in its results.

As for the game itself—it was played at night, in the Coliseum, by electric light. For the first half, which ended in their favor, 6–4, the Indians confined their efforts largely to end plays, with ragged interference, and Wisconsin prevented many gains and executed her own end plays well. In the second half the Indians bucked the line, and Wisconsin resorted to tricks. But the Indian ends were in evidence, and only one trick netted more than a yard or two gain, several being for losses, and the game ended, with the score 18–8, in the Indians' favor.

Winconsin played desperately throughout the game, openly coached by King, whom Wisconsin, with a curious disregard for rules and sportsmanship, insisted must be given the freedom of the field. The Indians agreed to this under protest. It was most unfair to Carlisle, and thoroughly discreditable to Wisconsin. The reception accorded the Indians by the spectators was fair and enthusiastic, and the officials were conscientious and resolute. The Indians played a better game than they did against Brown. It may be observed in passing that Brown and Wisconsin would make a close contest, with the chances of success favoring Brown.

The most notable feature of the military bicycle and athletic tournament, held in the Madison Square Garden last week, was the exhibition of three companies of the United States army, representing respectively the artillery, cavalry, and the infantry branches of service. Nor was the noteworthiness of the event embodied in the revelation of skill and precision in their drills, or in the impression those expert and entertaining manœuvres made upon the public, but rather in the evidence given of a really progressive spirit, the existence of which we have had on occasion good cause to doubt.

The delayed equipping of our troops with modern rifles, the indifference of the government to the out-of-date armament of our coast and border line defences, the proscription of inter-academy athletic competitions between West Point and Annapolis, and the struggle for recognition of general athletics among the enlisted men of the army, have furnished abundant ground for questioning the modernness of the policy which has ruled at Washington.

America, which in progressive spirit leads the world in practically every other department of human endeavor, has been singularly insensible in the matter of her army to the general forward movement that has swept throughout every other civilized nation on the globe. True, the army is not so important a factor in American as in European life, for instance, but that should be expressed by its numerical strength, and not by its equipment. Whatever the size of the army, it should be up to date in its equipment, and equal to attaining the uttermost efficacy in proportion to its numbers.

Next to modern armament, perhaps, there is no single feature so calculated to increase the effectiveness of troops as the introduction of athletics in one form or another. First, because it will develop an *esprit de corps*, and secondly, because it will increase the activity, endurance, and courage of the men. We have really nothing in the United States service to foster an *esprit de corps*, and little, if anything, to preserve regimental tradition. There are no distinctive uniforms, no peculiar significance attaching to differing accoutrements. For all the world knows to the contrary, one company's *personnel* is as another's, one regiment's record as eventful or uneventful as another's. And perhaps it is wise that in matter of uniform there should be universal similarity. I am not doubting it. But there is no disputing the fact that men having, for one reason or another, especial pride in the particular organization of which they are members, are the stronger united in loyalty to that body, and, if need be, work or fight the harder for its glorification and honor. That is *esprit de corps*. And it is human nature,—which dominates the man in peace or in war.

Athletics afford the opportunity for the encouragement of company or regimental loyalty. They supply the "something" which brings the men closer together in the mess-room, and develops a stronger feeling of comradeship when they stand shoulder to shoulder on the field, whether for athletic competition or the more serious business of their lives. The secret of force in any combat is harmony of intent. The reason the Princeton football eleven defeated Harvard and Yale so signally was because every man of that eleven played as a skilled part of a united and resistless whole, and he played as though the result depended solely upon his individual effort. It was a team of men with a single purpose in view, using their united strength of limb and alertness of mind to its accomplishment. Had those same men been drilled in the science of war instead of in the science of football, the same persistency of purpose and unity of endeavor would have attained the same conquest over their opponents. In a word, other things being fairly equal, it is the heart in the man and the determination and—in team-combat—the good-fellowship which unites men, that win.

So much for esprit de corps—now for the material benefits to the rank and file of the army accruing from athletics. After the exhibition in Madison Square Garden last week, to argue that athletics are invaluable seems as needless as would be an effort to prove the advantage to New York of rapid transit over horse-cars.

The practicable application of athletic work in running, wall-scaling, and carrying wounded men from the field of action given by sixty men from the Thirteenth Infantry, U.S.A., under command of Lieutenant E. L. Butts, furnished visible and emphatic proof of its value.

The infantry exhibition was, in fact, the distinct success of the week, and beyond all else established the importance of athletic work to the "setting up" of the men, and to their best work in the field.

The gymnastic or calisthenic drill with and without rifles, the execution of the usual company manœuvres at double-quick time, were work which would literally exhaust the soldier unprepared by previous athletic exercise. But these soldiers of Lieutenant Butts not only went through a long drill of gymnastics, but four, and on several occasions six, times scaled an eight-foot wall; following this by scaling one fully twenty feet high.

Is it, I wonder, necessary to ask which company of men would be the more serviceable in action—those that lounge around the barracks, with no exercise other than the regular drills provide, or those that run, and jump, and play baseball and football, and scale walls, and do other athletic work which builds up their muscles and develops their endurance?

Great Britain long ago recognized the value of athletics in raising the average of activity and strength and endurance of the army. So have Germany and France. About every garrison in England has a gymnasium; Germany's attention to calisthenic drill has made her men of the army probably the best "set-up" in the world,—and France has acomplished much in the same direction with her cavalry.

In England the annual military tournament at Aldershot is regarded one of the most important of the year's events; there are athletic contests of various kinds, and such work in the saddle as may not be equalled anywhere else on earth. And to this great tourney come entries from France and Germany.

Incidentally, I should like to call to the attention of the army and navy authorities, responsible for the edict against football between Annapolis and West Point, the favor with which athletic competition between corresponding academies is regarded in Great Britain. The Royal Naval College at Greenwich, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst not only hold "inter" football, athletic, and cricket contests, but are encouraged by the government to do so. It has never been found in England, any more than it has in the United States, that these sports interfered with the cadets' duties or affected adversely their discipline. On the contrary, sport has had a salutary influence on discipline, and military and naval men in Great Britain are openly the stanchest advocates of such athletic training.

There is no good reason why we should not have an annual military tournament in the United States,—and many good and sufficient reasons why we should. The first means to that end is the active encouragement of athletics in the army. And this is pretty certain to follow swiftly on the opening of spring. General Miles has openly expressed himself in sympathy with the athletic movement, and gave substantial evidence of his favor by supporting the recent military tournament held at Denver, and the more recent one in Madison Square Garden. Still further, the General, through a newspaper interview, has declared for an annual tournament to be held alternately in the leading cities of the country; for instance, another one in New York, then in Chicago, San Francisco, perhaps Denver and New Orleans.

There is no question of the popularity of such an innovation. There is no doubting, either, the pronounced interest such a tournament would arouse in our army, and reflectively in our militia. It would be one of the best recruiting methods yet devised. We need an awakening of interest in our military, civic and regular; we want some periodical exhibition of our army to beget concern in its being and pride in its doing. The great American people want an opportunity to cheer the soldiers of Uncle Sam;—it is not the interest and the loyalty that are wanting, but the occasion for giving them utterance.

The Madison Square Garden tournament is the first of the kind to be held in this country, and as the first the reason for it and the names of those that labored for its success are worthy of record.

The movement to establish rooms in the Hahnemann Hospital for the benefit of the National-Guardsmen of Greater New York, and their wives and children, originated with Mrs. Howard Carroll, wife of General Howard Carroll, Chief of Artillery, State of New York.

Mrs. Carroll became the president of the Ladies' Association of the Hahnemann Hospital last May, and knowing there were in that institution rooms set apart for the benefit of policemen and firemen, it occurred to her that the men of the National Guard should be provided for at least equally well. She communicated this idea to General Carroll, who pledged the first $1000 toward an endowment-fund, and with the invaluable assistance of the New York *Herald*, which was enlisted in the cause, the idea of a tournament to increase the fund was suggested and finally successfully carried out.

In the beginning the project was very substantially aided by the action of "I" Company, Seventh Regiment, in turning over to the fund $2000, which they had previously collected for a similar purpose. Great credit must also be given General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States army; General Thomas H. Ruger, commander Department of the East; Colonel Henry C. Corbin, Adjutant-General, Department of the East; Colonel Worth, Lieutenants Butts and Wise—U. S. A.; and to Colonel George M. Smith, Sixty-ninth Regiment; Captain David Wilson, Second Battery; Captain Charles J. Seiter, Twelfth Regiment; Captain Clayton, Troop "C"; Captain W. G. Schuyler, Seventh Regiment; Captain Louis Wendel, First Battery; and Colonel Luscomb, Thirteenth Regiment—N. G. N. Y.; all of whom were diligent in their efforts to make the tournament successful.

To say that the tournament was a success would be to but inadequately express the instant and emphatic and universal approval with which the spectators greeted the opening night and continued to welcome every succeeding night to the week's end. And the entertainment was worthy its reception.

In parade uniform, Troop "F," Third United States Cavalry, under Captain Dodd, gave a somewhat spectacular "music ride," which was entertaining if not especially instructive; but in fatigue or business uniform, this troop gave an exhibition of rough-riding that revealed remarkable training of both men and horses. The men mounted and dismounted from either side, from the rear, with the horse saddled and unsaddled—standing or galloping. They rode double, with or without stirrups, facing to the front and to the rear, kneeling and with stirrups crossed, standing Cossack fashion. In fact, from catching and mounting a running horse, to making him lie down on bugle call and firing across him, Troop "F" proved itself the most expert body of horsemen in this country.

But Light Battery "D," Fifth Artillery, U.S.A., Captain Thorpe commanding, aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators by the dash of its entrance, simulating going into action, and the spirit and rapidity and precision with which it went to work, once the supposititious scene of battle had been reached. There was some fine handling of the horses, which drew guns and caissons at a smart gallop around a ring rather small for such work. The wheeling into line, loading, firing, and facing right about to again load and fire, executed on the run, were as expert battery-work as we have ever seen anywhere. Driving at a gallop through stakes which allow but 2½ inches leeway to each wheel may well be considered a crucial test of expert reinmanship; and Battery "D" successfully accomplished it on every attempt.

The First New York Naval Battalion gave an interesting drill, and the Second Battery, N. G. N. Y., Captain David Wilson commanding, manipulated the deadly Gatling-gun with commendable activity and skill. The bicycle corps of the First Battery, N. G. N. Y., gave a practical exhibition of the uselessness of the bicycle as a carrier in actual combat. There was some trepidation among the spectators, who viewed the attempt at engagement with sword, lest the riders, when they swung their weapons, puncture a tire and collapse altogether upon the tan-bark battle-field.

Of the bicycling and track-athletic part of the week's programme there was no end to the racing at varying distances, and the excellent sport it afforded. The events were open only to members of the National Guard, and some idea of the athletic movement in the militia may be formed by the fact of there being 627 entries. Of these the Seventh Regiment furnished 169; the Twenty-second Regiment, 158; the Thirteenth Regiment, 72; the Twenty-third Regiment, 62. The Twenty-second Regiment won first place with 90; Seventh Regiment, 68; Thirteenth Regiment, 40; Twenty-third Regiment, 15; Twelfth Regiment, 14; Thirteenth Regiment, U.S.A. 13; Ninth Regiment, 10; Seventy-first Regiment, 8; First Naval Reserves, N. J., 8; and Eighth Regiment, 3 points. The management of the meeting was most efficient.

Caspar Whitney.

SUMMARY.

	Winner.	Regiment.	Performance.
Bicycle Events.			
440 yards, N. G. championship	W. H. Owen.	22d	34 4-5 sec.
½ mile, N. G. championship	W. H. Owen.	22d	1 m. 10 "
½ mile, Second Brigade championship	Carl Sanford, Jun.	23d	1 " 11 2-5 "
½ mile, Second Brigade handicap	G. Green.	13th	1 " 37 2-5 "
1 mile, N. G. and U. S. A. championship	W. H. Owen.	22d	2 " 25 3-5 "
1 mile, novice	A. W. Smith.	71st	2 " 49 3-5 "
1 mile, N. G. championship	A. A. Miller.	12th	2 " 42 2-5 "
1 mile, N. G. handicap	P. J. Engledrum.	9th	2 " 24 "
2 miles, N. G. handicap	P. J. Engledrum.	9th	4 " 59 3-5 "
2 miles, N. G. tandem championship	J. W. Judge and W. E. Mosher.	22d	5 " 5 4-5 "
Running Events.			
100 yards, handicap	Charles S. Tate.	13th	10
100 yards, N. G. championship	William Dubois.	23d	10 4-5 "
220 yards, Second Brigade handicap	Charles S. Tate.	13th	23 2-5 "
220 yards, hurdle, handicap	E. W. Hjertberg.	22d	28 2-5 "
220 yards, military championship	Jerome Buck, First Naval Reserves.		24 1-5 "
440 yards, N. G. championship	L. Snedecor.	7th	53 3-5 "
440 yards, handicap	G. A. Sayles.	22d	52
880 yards, handicap	C. E. Snedecor.	7th	2 " 1 1-5 "
880 yards, novice	F. H. Romaine.	7th	2 " 8 "
880 yards, heavy marching order (go-as-you-please)	E. W. Hjertberg.	22d	2 " 41 3-5 "
1 mile, army and navy, handicap	Private Cope, 13th Infantry, U.S.A.		5 " 9
1 mile, military relay, teams of five	Sands, C. E. and L. Snedecor, Lyons, and Romaine.	7th	3 " 26
1 mile, handicap	E. W. Hjertberg.	22d	4 " 54 2-5 "
2 miles, handicap	E. W. Hjertberg.	22d	10 " 16 3-5 "
Chariot, N. G. and U. S. A., teams of four (176 yards)	Johnson, Plate, Tate, and Walters.	13th	24 "
Sack race, N. G. and U. S. A. (70 yards)	J. T. Norton.	7th	9 3-5 "
3-legged race, handicap (about 60 yards)	J. T. Norton and G. Schwegler.	7th	8 3-5 "
Field Events.			
Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap	G. E. Shastey.	7th	32 ft. 1 in.
Running broad jump, handicap	T. H. Williamson.	12th	19 " 1½ "

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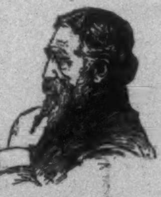
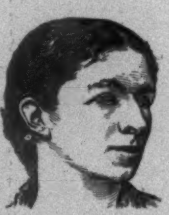

Chas. Dudley Warner
Editor-in-Chief.

There is no desire more common and more persistent against discouragement than that of owning and enjoying a collection of good books; but with only a rare brief hour now and then to spare, and with the literature of the world grown to such a tremendous bulk, it is an impossible task to determine for one's self what are the good books, or, having determined, ever to possess them. To-day the literary accumulation of the centuries fills hundreds of thousands of volumes; even the writings of only the unquestionably great authors, the admitted masters, fill thousands; and the most expert reader, though he read absolutely every moment of a long life, could get through only a small fraction of even the best books. Selection, therefore, is the reader's first serious task. And it is the buyer's also, since to purchase all the good books is quite as impossible as to read them. Consequently at this time, a greater service is done the public by rendering available whatever is best in the store of literature already accumulated than by adding something new to that store. For ourselves, we are disposed to receive a literary enterprise which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is just now successfully concluding, of compacting into thirty convenient volumes the "World's Best Literature, Ancient and Modern," more cordially than if it were some masterpiece of new creation. The world is not really suffering at this time for a new Homer, a new Shakespeare, or a new Sir Walter Scott; but it is suffering greatly for some time and money saving literary convenience which will enable it to profit by the creations of the Homers and Shakespeares and Sir Walters and all the others whom it already has, and just such a convenience—the best of its kind, indeed the only one of its kind—Mr. Warner's "Library" certainly is.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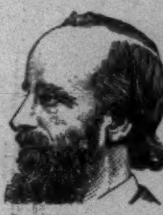
Dr. Lyman Abbott
Writes on
Henry Ward Beecher.

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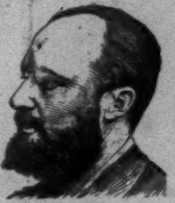
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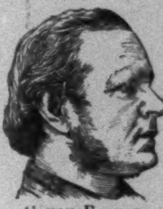
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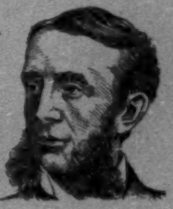
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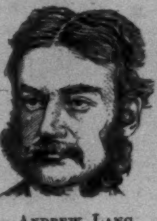
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